Vol. CXV.—No. 1492] JULY 20, 1932 [Registered as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued*

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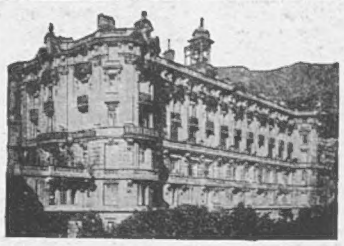

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JERSEY—*continued*

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Spiez, Park Hotel.—Up-to-date throughout. Ext. Cooking. Park 8 acres. Marvellous Scenery. Rooms w. r. water & pens. from 11 Sh.

The Bystander, July 20, 1932

No. 1492. Vol. CXV.

The BYSTANDER

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES

A new portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who is, by reputation, the smartest woman this side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Fellowes, whose first husband was Prince Jean de Broglie, married the Hon. Reginald Fellowes, uncle of the present Lord de Ramsey, in 1919. She and her husband live in Paris, but she comes to London frequently, and has spent part of this summer over here

Out and About

Three of the Younger Set

On the right is a new portrait of Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, the youngest daughter of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam. Her brother, Lord Milton, is engaged to Miss Olive Plunket

Elwin Neame

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam

Elwin Neame

Miss Jacqueline Hughes

Miss Jacqueline Hughes (seen above) is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel D. S. Hughes, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Hughes. She is one of last year's débutantes and has just returned from Cairo, where her father has been stationed

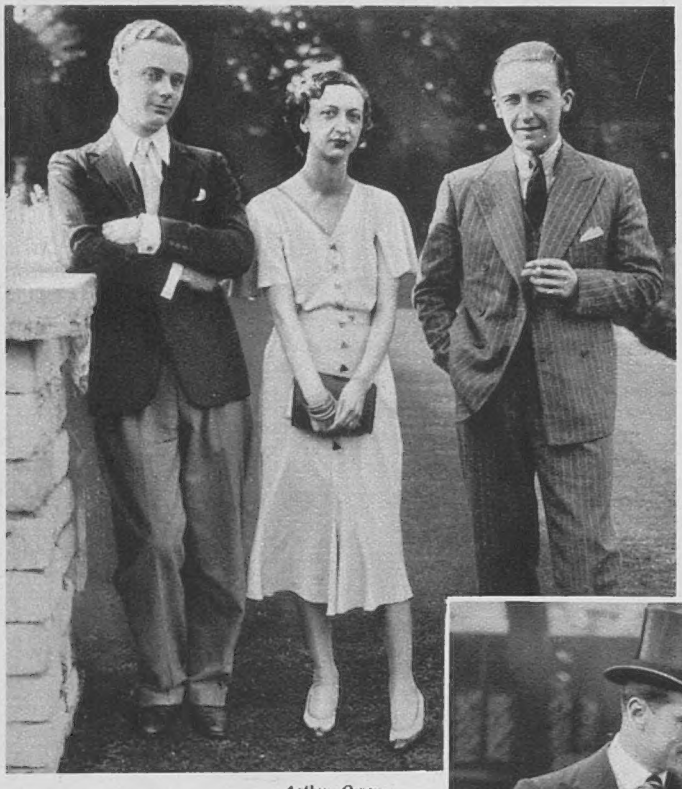
Miss Penelope Portman

Right : Miss Penelope Portman is the only daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Portman, and granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Sheffield. Miss Portman was presented at Court last year, and her mother gave a dance for her this year in June

Hay Wrightson

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



Arthur Owen

At Queen's Hill, Ascot

Three of the guests at a recent house-party of Mrs. George Hay Whigham's which was given at her Ascot home: they are Mr. John Raynor, Mrs. Kenneth Hollway, and Mr. K. Holroyd

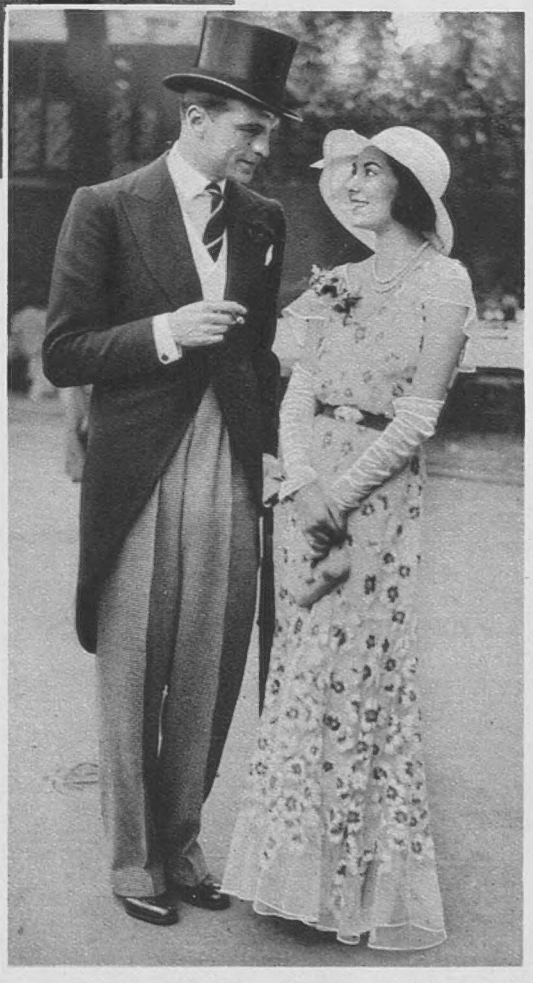
Yevonde

Miss Vida Cuthbert

Miss Vida Cuthbert is the daughter of the late Captain James Cuthbert, Scots Guards. Her mother, née Coppin-Straker, is now Lady Rayleigh, and was married to Lord Rayleigh in 1920

NEWMARKET was by far the smartest place at which to be last week, despite the handful of dances in London. The summer course is quite one of the most attractive in England, when the weather holds, as it did this time. It is only sad to think that there will be no more racing on it now until next year. The main course is very efficient, but, somehow, very grim, with the paddock dotted with ugly men in bowler hats and women in serviceable boots.

THE 2nd July meeting is entirely Continental. The red-and-yellow chairs in the open-air restaurant at the back of the Members' Enclosure are very reminiscent of Deauville. The tall, green trees which flank the paddock remind one of Baden-Baden. And yet there is no racecourse in Europe where the stands are thatched, as they are at Newmarket. The only fly in the ointment was the extreme difficulty of making money, unless one actually bought it by backing the odds-on favourites, like Hill Cat.



At Lord's

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton talking to Mr. John Loder, the English film star, at Lord's, on the first day of the Eton and Harrow match

MOST delightful was the astonishing deshabille of the men. The Duke of Marlborough appeared in a complete white flannel suit, and a soft black hat. His son, Lord Blandford, who, incidentally, backed Woodstock (sired by Blandford), appeared in a Palm Beach suit the first day, though he changed it for grey flannels the next. Lord Harewood came out in brown suède shoes and white flannels on the Tuesday, though he also turned grey, so to speak, on the second day.

LORD ROSEBERY'S headgear alternated between a straw hat with the I Zingari colours and a very light-grey bowler. Lord Lonsdale's frock coats were alternately brown and grey, always worn, however, with a white waistcoat. "It is impossible to say who is the worst-dressed man," I heard a woman remark. But it was easy to see who was the most stylishly garbed. Despite the heat, Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine appeared in a very smart brown town suit, with a collar of Wilfred Egerton proportions, and brown-and-white shoes—which were worn by numbers of the men.

MOST of the male racegoers were content to be comfortable. Mr. James de Rothschild wore a loose suit, with a very long-pointed soft collar. Sir Francis Towle's umbrella hung by its hook from his pocket. The women were more smartly dressed. Lady Buchanan-Jardine was all in white when I saw her. Lady Carnarvon and Lady Chesham, who also backed Woodstock, were in navy blue. The Princess Royal was in a patterned crêpe-de-

At Poulsen's Club, Datchet

The Women's League of Service Ball

A group of Mrs. Warren Pearl's party at the dance, including Mrs. Warren Pearl herself, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tweedy, Miss Ewing, Mr. George Shaw, and Mr. Henry Green

Chine dress, while several others wore those zebra-striped crêpe-de-Chine dresses.

THE prettiest girl at the meeting presided at the "Tote" office. The unhappiest person must have been poor Master Cook, the apprentice who fell off Abbot's Ferry in the sixth race, with the result that his mount went for a private gallop right up the course and into the town. As to the men, a pained smile was pinned to Major Courtauld's lips when his fancied gelding, Antiquary, failed to win the last race on

Another party at the Women's League of Service Ball: Mr. Kari Davis, Miss Angela Brett (Zena Dare's daughter), Mr. Max Muller, Miss Kari Davis, and Mr. Stewart Pearl,

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who is on the left of the photogra large parties to Poulsen's; she is with Mr. Harry Cur

Above : Miss Isobel MacLean, Mr. Adrian Thorpe, and Miss Sybil Raphael. Miss MacLean's mother, Mrs. Loudon MacLean, was one of those who took parties

The side-shows at Poulsen's included skee-ball and a rifle-range : above are Miss Lucy Cohen and Miss Sybil Raphael skee-balling, watched by Miss Pryser and Mr. Stewart Pearl

Left : Miss Spence, Captain Leatham, the Hon. Mrs. Eric Long, and Baroness Beaumont, who was the Chairman of the Ball Committee

Wednesday. Sir Laurence Philipps, incidentally, was telling his friends, on Tuesday, that he had not won a race this year.

PERHAPS, however, he will have better luck in the future, especially as he is part of the syndicate which bought Solario for 47,000 guineas. The auctioneer on this occasion began with 40,000 guineas, but had to work his way down to 25,000 guineas before the bidding started. Speaking generally, the prices were very low, and Michael Beary was lucky to get Duskie Poll, one of the gamest little mares in the country, for seventy pounds or so.

TO return to London, Clare Lady Cowley, who went down afterwards to Newmarket, gave a dance on the Monday for Lady Diana Wellesley, and there was also a dance for Miss Priscilla Weigall in Grosvenor Square, and a garden party at The Elms, on Hampstead Heath, with a cricket match, attended by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, between teams led by J. B. Priestley and Miss Gladys Cooper. Cocktail parties were headed by that of Lady Mary Meade and Miss Valerie Lynch at the International Sportsmen's Club.

ALTHOUGH Goodwood and Cowes are still ahead of us, most people are busy with their holiday plans. Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish are sunning themselves at Cannes. Mr. Sidney Beer is awaiting the Carnarvons at his Schloss near Salzburg.

Bertram Park

Miss Rosemary Glyn

A new portrait of Miss Rosemary Glyn, the elder daughter of the late Colonel Arthur St. Leger Glyn and Mrs. F. W. Ramsay, wife of Major-Gen. Frank Ramsay

Lady Colefax's name is down on the passenger list of the Queen Mary, which is going on a marvellous cruise from Venice to Constantinople, by way of Rhodes and Mitylene, on August 22. Antibes is luring dozens of the smart young-marrieds, though Germany and the Dolomites seem to share the position of being premier favourites with the motorists.

GAMBLERS will doubtless forgather at Monte Carlo, especially as they have now a five-franc table in the Kitchen. Mr. Billy Gardner is practically booked up at

was one of the hostesses who took and the Hon. Mrs. Talbot Rice

Miss Rose Bingham was another who escaped from the heat-wave in London last week to go to the dance at Datchet ; she is with Mr. Dale Bourne (left) and Mr. John de Forest, the amateur golf champion

Photos by Swaebe

The "Come and be Filmed" Ball

Was held last week at the Carlton Hotel; among those present were the above party, which includes Miss Nancy Brassey, Capt. W. Pollen, Capt. Lort Phillips, the Hon. Nina Grenfell, and Mr. Nicholas Phillips. More photographs of this dance appear on p. 100

Pourville for August. Le Touquet is hoping for a big influx of people who may think that if the heat wave continues it will be really *too* hot in the South of France. Sir Christopher and Lady Magnay are going to Scotland.

PAYING a chance visit to the Hungaria last week, I found that Jean Goulesco, the King of the Tziganes, is playing there once more. Since 1920, he has "reigned" in Paris, except for a brief visit to the Green Park Hotel in 1927, and he still can make his violin sound like bagpipes by attaching a small wineglass to it. What stories Goulesco could tell of the regimental dinners of the Russian Imperial Guards before the war, if only he could speak English!

THE last two important dances of the season were given by the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Cadogan. The Duchess still gives one every year, and very pleasant it is with St. James's Square just in front of you. Incidentally, Grosvenor Square was not thrown open for Lady Diana Wellesley's dance, which went on until very late, to the strains of Tony Vivian's band.

OTHER news of the week is that the Winchilseas are thinking of shutting up their house in the country and living permanently in London. This is becoming quite a fashion nowadays. The Brougham and Vauxs have done the same, it will be remembered. Maybe the time will come when almost everyone will have to do this, except the Jerseys, whose town house, Osterley Park, is also a country house.

IN a fortnight, the Embassy will have closed its doors for the summer. Poor Peter, the manager, went off to Italy to see his mother, who was ill, and then fell ill himself. Despite his absence, the place continues to be crowded. The other day, Mr. Winston Churchill was lunching there, with Mr. Christopher Macintosh and Arnold Lunn at the next table. I also saw Lady Howard de Walden there.

THESE hot nights, Cuckoo Weir is proving a great magnet for numbers of Old Etonians who were never at Eton. On these occasions, though, it is necessary to leave someone to guard the clothing, in case of accidents. A party of twenty-eight who went bathing not far from Datchet, came back and found, to their horror and dismay, that everything had disappeared. A very odd sight they were, by all accounts, as they drove home in the early hours of the morning. So far, no one has contracted pneumonia, though my doctor tells me that internal chills are common nowadays.

Mr. Henry Balfour Scott, Royal Dragoon Guards, and Miss Joyce Cooper, Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper's only daughter, were married last week at St. George's, Hanover Square

Leaving Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, after their wedding: Mr. J. F. Milburne, Scots Guards, and Miss Pamela Cameron, who wore a wreath and garland of gardenias, and carried a bouquet of gardenias and roses

PEOPLE with private swimming-pools in London are very popular now. Sir Reginald Leeds has one. Mr. Clarence Hatry's house has one, but that is not much good to anybody at the moment. The swimming-pools of the International Sportsmen's Club, the Bath Club, and the R.A.C. are all very popular. But it is such a pity that the pool at the first-named cannot somehow be enlarged, and at the same time have the roof raised.

THERE is one thing to be said for the hot weather—even the most popular courses, like Addington, are comparatively empty, as I found the other day, when I played in a four-ball match with Rex Hartley and Bob Foster, and the former went round in 64, no more and no less. He told me that in the Bachelor Club tournament, when he was knocked out in the fifth round, he was fourteen under four's for the five rounds. Let us hope he keeps up this sort of standard when he goes across the Atlantic.

BOB FOSTER was saying that on the previous Wednesday the Prince of Wales and he played Archie Compston, and beat the latter 7 and 5. The Prince was playing very well indeed, I gather. One wonders where he will go to keep up his golf this summer. Perhaps Biarritz or Hossegor will claim him. One thing is certain, he will not go to the South of France, because there is no golf during the summer months, except up at La Turbie.

THE KING AND QUEEN are expected at Cowes on July 25, the day of Lord Grenfell's wedding. They will stay a fortnight in the Victoria and Albert and his Majesty will race in Britannia. The big class will be well represented this year, despite the slump, and no fewer than four of the skippers will be amateurs. Already the yachting visitors have included Lord Normanton, Sir Hercules Langrishe, Sir Victor Warrender, and Mr. Henry Denison, whose waistcoats are the joy of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

THE BYSTANDER, having lured Mr. "Eddie" Tatham into the lighter side of occasional journalism, feels called upon to tell the world that what he writes he signs. This official pronouncement will dispose, therefore, of the rumour that our contributor was "A Débutante" who wrote "Mayfair Through the Cocktail Glass" in a recent issue. Mr. "Eddie" Tatham has never been a débutante, and never will be one!

Neither is he "Caviare," the author of our weekly feature, "Hors D'Œuvres," concerning whose identity so many erroneous speculations have been made.—[Ed.]

The recent matinée given in aid of the "Lewis Carroll" Memorial Ward for Children found the young programme-sellers arrayed "Alice"-like at the St. James's Theatre. Above are the March Hare (Miss Mary Sharpe), the Duchess (Miss Marr Johnson), and the King (Miss Ricardo)

Carroll Characters

A Matinée at the St. James's Theatre

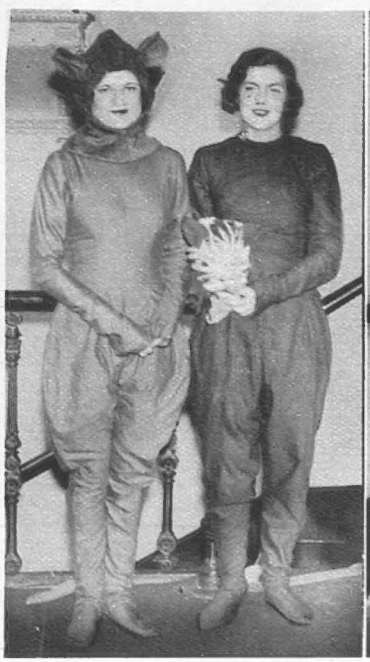
Above: Further programme-sellers — Playing card (Miss Kitty Combe), Knave (Miss Paravicini), Queen of Hearts (the Hon. Cynthia Guest), and the Mad Hatter (Miss Myrtle Van der Weyer)

Left: Playing Card (Miss Joan Denny), Executioner (Miss Marjory Marr Johnson), and Fish Footman (Miss Rosemary Ashworth)

Below: Father William (Lady Violet Pakenham) with the "Young Man" (Mrs. Nigel Gunnis)

Above: Miss Clare Elwes, who acted as Hon. Secretary of the Matinée, with the immortal Alice (Miss Rachel Wrey)

Right: Dormouse (the Hon. Eileen Brougham), and the Cheshire Cat (Lady Joan Villiers) who did not fade away

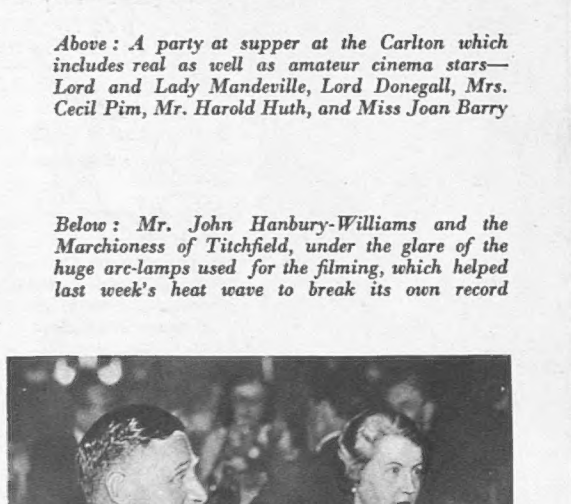


Photographs by Arthur Owen

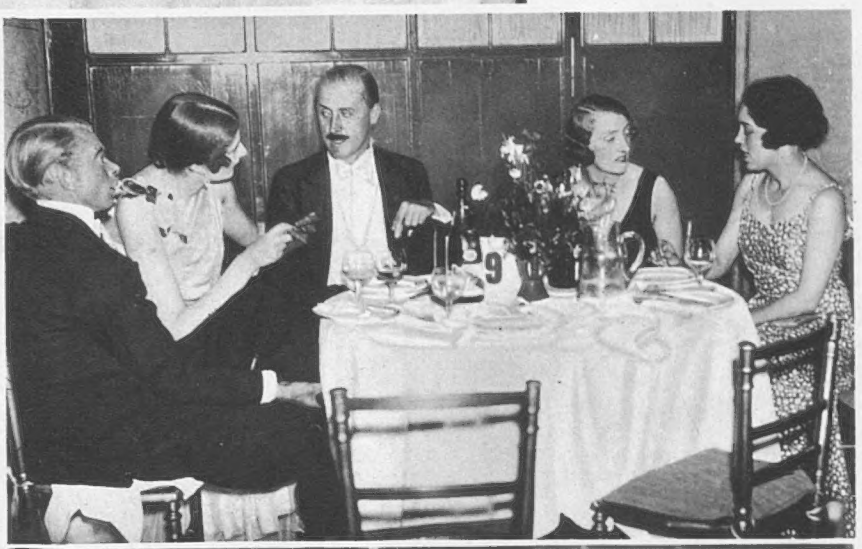
Come and be Filmed!"

Mayfair at the Carlton "Studio"

Below: A "conversation piece" taken between dances. The sitters were Mr. Barnes-Gorrell, Miss M. Fraser, Lord Eldon, Mrs. Archibald Hay, and Miss Marfy



Above: A party at supper at the Carlton which includes real as well as amateur cinema stars—Lord and Lady Mandeville, Lord Donegall, Mrs. Cecil Pim, Mr. Harold Huth, and Miss Joan Barry



Below: Mr. John Hanbury-Williams and the Marchioness of Titchfield, under the glare of the huge arc-lamps used for the filming, which helped last week's heat wave to break its own record

Above: A group which includes Lady Rachel Howard (centre) and some of her party, among whom are Lady Eda and Lady Jean Ramsay, Mr. F. Harris and Mr. Tyson

Left: The Countess of Oxford and Asquith and Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., in earnest conversation—politics or the future of the film are subjects suggested by their expressions

The "Come and Be Filmed" Ball was held at the Carlton last week, in aid of Mrs. Cuthbert Headlam's Employment Scheme. The film taken will be "released" later for a special show; a small part of it is to be used in an English film now being evolved

Hors d'Oeuvres *By "Caviare"*

WHY do women with ugly skins wear low-cut dresses? There is one ex-ex-ex-débutante in particular who should have more sense. Mrs. Peter Horlick has a beautiful back; so has Mrs. James Pearce, whom I have not seen for some time, by the way. Lady Buchanan Jardine has a lovely white skin; but some of the social "regulars" should remember that sunburn in patches should not be revealed in the light-o'-night.

THE modern tall beauties do not make the best of their height. The Duchess of Sutherland, as a girl, had a wonderful presence because she held herself so well, and, of course, Lady Howe, when she first came out, was breath-takingly lovely. But there are others who appear shy of their inches, and crouch while dancing, and flop when sitting at a table.

GENERAL knowledge questions for Mayfair passports: Who has a large dimple in each shoulder? Who was given a diamond necklace and a diamond ring? Who likes them young and innocent? Who likes them titled? Who is jealous of her daughter? Who fascinates 'em with a violin? Who writes "Caviare"?

A MAYFAIR and golf-course romance is having a holiday, to be resumed in the autumn, we think—and hope.

ALTERATIONS are in progress. Miss Margaret Bannerman has got very thin, and gone platinum-silver. Lady Diana Gibb has cut her hair very close to her head. Lord Brecknock has got stouter. Things unchanged are Fanny Ward, the friendship of Lady Lindsay-Hogg and Lady Eleanor Smith, and the cattiness of an "unmarried."

LADY SCARSDALE has one of the sunniest and most attractive smiles in London; it lights up her whole face. In consequence, she has thousands of friends—only gloomy, sour people are lonely. Lady Carisbrooke has a sweet smile, and so has Princess Alice; and Miss Violet Loraine's smile is the jolliest thing in the world.

Right: Mr. Hugo Brassey and Lady Diana Wellesley outside Lord's on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow match. Below: Miss Morrison-Bell applauding at the Eton Ball at the Dorchester

Miss Morrison-Bell

Al-Fresco Entertainment

Lady Northesk entertains Major Boyd and Mrs. T. A Benskin (left), while sitting on her right is Sir Torquil Munro. They are sketched by our special artist on a trip up the Thames

The Right Sartorial Note

LADY ALINGTON does swim beautifully, and so does Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine; both are very charming. Lady Alington's little daughter is exactly like her mother, and full of high spirits. Lady Mary's brother, Hamish, is, of course, well known to bright young Mayfair.

TALKING of children, the two most attractive small boys in London are Julian Fane, Lord Westmorland's second son, and Timothy Stobart; both are very blond, very amusing, and clever. Aged five and six—a few more years, and then there will be some feminine flutterings.

BUCK'S CLUB and, maybe, White's, will be able to supply names to the following:

The Girl in the Taxi.
The Earl and the Girl.
Pleasure Cruise and Dirty Work.
Intimate Relations Out of the Bottle.
The Pride of the Regiment.

RED-HEADED beauties are becoming more and more fashionable. I hear their praises on every side—rather different from our schooldays description of "Carrots." Annie Ahlers, of course, heads the list; she is so vivid and alive, her hair is eminently suitable to her. Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Mrs. Fitz Alan-Howard, and Miss Marjorie Mars are some other Titian-haired lovelies.

NEWS: Mrs. Stobart wears false eyelashes, and says so. Lady Cunard has a white satin turban. Iceland is the new holiday resort. Caviare at the Caviare Bar is excellent and cheap. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg is now taking up flying.

Racing: Exclusive Salisbury. *By "Regular"*

Salisbury Racecourse—or, perhaps I should call it the Bibury Club—like St. Peter and Lady Ellesmere, is extremely careful whom it asks to its parties.

True, I have never sought admission to the Pearly Gates guarded by the first-named gentleman, nor have I endeavoured to gain admittance to Bridgewater House, but I *have* been denied access to that holy of holies known as the Bibury Club.

At all other courses, the words Guards', Buck's, Ally Pally, and the Slip In, together with three quid, prove an immediate open sesame, a smiling official hands you two little pasteboard affairs, you hang yours on your race-glasses, and your "lovely" pins hers on some part of her no self-respecting gate-keeper could possibly be expected to see, and in you go.

At Bibury, however, you have to be a bona-fide member. In vain I pleaded the Automobile (I thought that would fetch 'em); the Embassy (original member), and the Forty-three (honorary member) simply cut no ice at all; even my trump-card, the Bobbin—alas! now defunct—failed to do the trick. Not even a list of my smartest friends, coupled with news that I had once been spoken to by Lord Blandford (I have never swanked about this before), and the promise of an invitation to my next scavenging party, succeeded in making the smallest impression on the stony-hearted official. No, I was not a member of the Bibury Club, so I must go into Tattersalls', and to Tattersalls' I had to go.

Miss Posy Morel, Capt. R. E. Morel, who owns both horses and ships, and Lord Queenborough at the Chepstow Meeting

For those who have not raced as much as I have, I must tell you that Tattersalls' Ring is not composed entirely of the friends and acquaintances of a certain Captain who writes such illuminating things about Debs and ex-Debs every morning in a daily paper. With the exception of Mrs. Vernet and Mrs. Leslie, I have always found feminine beauty conspicuous by its absence in Tattersalls' Ring. Being knocked base over apex by a bookmaker's runner, the Blower Man, or a professional backer is hardly likely to make you look your best at your cocktail party when you get home.

By jove, though, the Bibury Executive do hand you the goods! Fancy a couple of Princes and four Peers all riding together! Fairly makes your mouth water, doesn't it? Time was when half Newmarket used to turn out to see Lord Carnarvon ride a gallop; but Lord Carnarvon has improved a ton since those days, and on his own horse, Patmos, which he purchased from Fred Darling, he rode an excellent race and a strong finish, which shows what determination and plenty of practice will do.

The Duke of Gloucester is a really good natural horseman. I remember him riding quite well even in his Sandhurst days. But his style is far better suited to the hunting field than to riding on the flat, though he seems to derive quite a lot of fun from these "bumper" races. However, like the Prince of Wales, he is not really very fond of flat-racing.

Lord Willoughby de Broke is another who is happier when there are a few fences to be negotiated. Obstacles, however, have not the faintest attraction for Lord Carnarvon, Prince Ali Khan, or Mr. Alec Cottrill, who, before they accept a mount, stipulate that the horse shall remain on terra firma all the time.

On the other hand, Lord Fingall and Captain Brownhill are equally at home over jumps or on the flat, and neither of them knows what the word fear means. To have broken your neck once would be enough for most people, but not for Captain Brownhill. He still delights in riding indifferent jumpers (I am not referring to Drintyre) round any course in the country.

Lord Nunburnholme also completed the course. He, too, is, I believe, devoid of fear, but when you have "come it" on your head as often as Lord Nunburnholme, I suppose you get used to it, though, personally, I shouldn't.

Quite the nicest part of the meeting was to see Lord Pembroke, on whose estate the course is situated. Lord Pembroke is the only man I have ever met who is always at the top of his form, though he 's had his share of reverses, too.

If a competition were organised for the youngest man for his age, I feel quite positive Lord Pembroke would trot in for it. His son, Lord Herbert, is already older than his father and will ever be if the latter lives to be ninety.

After the Princes and Peers had finished, the Pros. took over again, and, much as we like to see our amateurs in the saddle, especially when they comprise such a distinguished body of young men as "donned the pig-skin" at Bibury, a little of them goes a long way, and we were all pleased to welcome Steve, Gordon, and the rest of them, again.

I was very glad to see that desperately keen American, Mrs. Glorney, win the Bibury Cup, by the shortest of heads, with her horse, Codicil. Whether she and her husband are dining at the Embassy, which they seem to do four nights a week, or lunching at the Ritz, which they do every day when there 's no racing, you can bet your life they 're *talking* racing. We could do with many more owners like Mrs. Glorney.

Lingfield was rather overshadowed by the Eton and Harrow match, which took most of the smart people away, but Lord Harewood and Lord Rosebery both turned down Lord's in favour of a day's racing.

The Jockey Club has never had two more conscientious and able Stewards than these two Peers, who, together with Lord Zetland and Lord Ellesmere, have brought about more reforms for the improvement of the Turf than their predecessors in a couple of generations.

A lovely day at Lingfield. Capt. and Mrs. John Lascelles enjoy the racing to the full

Once upon a Time, the mere mention of a projected reform sent the old gentlemen who ruled the roast in those days into an acute fit of apoplexy. "What was good enough for my dear old father is good enough for me; and what 's good enough for me is good enough for you—young jackanapes."

The present Stewards, however, have decidedly go-ahead ideas. More power to their elbow, for there is plenty of work for them still to do. One of these days we may get back to London after the Eclipse Stakes in time for dinner.

I heartily applaud Lord Rosebery's unconventional hot-weather racing get-up. A straw boater, flannels (either grey or white), and co-respondent's shoes strike me as the ideal racing costume, though, personally, I never seem to quite hit it off with my gent's natty straw.

Why, just because one is going racing, one should deck oneself up in a thick suit, stiff collar, and a bowler hat entirely defeats me. Now that the senior Steward of the Jockey Club has set us the example, let us all adopt his park, promenade, river, or sea mode of attire and be comfortable.

The Savoy Follies
at (of course)
The Savoy Theatre

Above, and left: Judicial pronouncement and astounding erudition by Gillie Potter, the laughter-maker

Left: Florence Desmond and Stanley Holloway in just a few old folk-songs

Hal Bryan as a Swiss racketeer

The Idle Rich—A Crying Shame

Florence Desmond · · *John Mack* · · · *Hal Bryan* · · · *Stanley Holloway*

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Some Northern Meetings

At Le Touquet

Mrs. Lipscombe, the Hon. Michael Scott, and Mr. Lipscombe on the Le Touquet course, where the French Ladies' Championship was won by Diana Fishwick

THE Cruden Bay Amateur Tournament has just taken place on the course of the Cruden Bay Club, and has been won by A. B. Coote, of St. Ives, who entered from the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Club. In the Final, which in these Scottish tournaments is always over 18 holes, Coote beat G. N. Gordon, from the Royal Aberdeen Club, by three up with one to play. The match was square at the turn, and, in fact, Coote was never down throughout the Final.

In the Semi-Final round, Coote had beaten a local player in C. H. D. Middleton, and Gordon had beaten G. S. Noon—a Scotsman who has been prominent in Irish golf, and who comes from the Royal Burgess Club—by two holes up with one to play. Coote, therefore, follows in the footsteps of several very well-known golfers who have won this Tournament in the past.

IT is a remarkably good performance to win any of the better-known of the Amateur Tournaments which are run yearly by the Scottish Clubs, but particularly those in the north of Scotland. Tournaments are held at Cruden Bay, at Nairn, at Dornoch, and at Pitlochry. Each of these attracts an entry which is more often in the neighbourhood of a hundred than much below this figure. But it is not in mere numbers that these tournaments are distinguished: the entry nearly always includes the names of many very well-known golfers, some visitors from the south of Scotland, others from all parts of England, and, as well, many overseas players enter who are home on holiday. All these tournaments are run on the same lines: thirty-six holes of stroke-play forms the Tournament for the first day and the leading sixteen qualify to play off on the two following days by match-play. Where tournaments attract large entries, such as at Nairn, a second sixteen, being those who finish next in order after the first batch, enjoy a subsidiary competition, which is played for in precisely the same way on the second and third days, and those who may not have succeeded in getting either into the first or the second sixteen, always have, on the succeeding days, some form of either stroke-play or bogey competition to keep them employed and amused. The handicap player is also catered for.

IT is no wonder that these tournaments attract so many entries, or that they are so popular, for a more delightful manner of spending three days of real holiday golf could scarcely be imagined. Those who may not wish to continue playing on the second and third days, who have been unsuccessful in the qualifying round on the first, can always amuse themselves by watching the great players playing off for the Tournament Cup. For, make no mistake about it, very many great players do compete, as just one glance at the records of these tournaments will show. Cruden Bay is always the first of these tournaments to take place; either Nairn or Dornoch is the next, in the second or third weeks of August; and Pitlochry, which calls itself the Highland Tournament, is played for usually towards the end of August or the beginning of September.

I HAVE said that great players compete for these tournaments, but do not let it be supposed that they always win. The opposition is always extraordinarily strong in these parts, and particularly at Nairn and Cruden Bay. The local players are anything but a negligible quantity, especially as they have the advantage of playing on their own course, about which they know all that there is to be known, which gives them an advantage of perhaps two or three strokes in the round.

LET me take you through the records of these tournaments. At Cruden Bay, A. B. Coote follows L. Burdon Sanderson, who won twice running; J. T. Bookless, G. C. Manford, Dr. William Tweddell, and, before the war, such well-known names as G. R. Thompson and H. C. Ellis. The names of the runners-up in these tournaments, however, are even more impressive, which goes to prove what I have been saying. They include Scottish Internationals, in J. Birnie, Menzies, Burrell, Guild, D. H. Kyle, W. B. Torrance, and Gordon Lockhart, who is now a professional; not to mention the names of such distinguished "foreigners" as Harold Hilton, who lost the Final to J. A. Donaldson by a single hole after two ties in 1903.

AT Nairn, the list of players is just as distinguished. T. A. Torrance, Dr. Tweddell, Bookless, Sanderson, and C. K. Hutchison have all won the Cup, but there are many other great golfers who have failed. It was Noel Layton's desire to win in two successive summers, but he did not succeed in his endeavour. On the first occasion, he reached the Final, there to be beaten by Jack Birnie, a golfer who played for Scotland far less often than he should have on his ability. Birnie's early death was a great blow to golf in the north of Scotland, for he had shown a keen interest in the management of the game, as well as a fine sportsmanship in the playing of it.

Layton, in his second endeavour, was beaten by Dr. F. H. Scroggie, who has been for some years domiciled in South Africa, but who played for Scotland before he went there. I shall never quite forget that match, which I was privileged to watch, for Scroggie played one of the bravest shots I have ever seen. At the last hole it was absolutely imperative for him to reach the green with his second in order to win the match, and, from rather a close lie, he risked all and took his driver. I do not suppose Scroggie has ever played a better shot; I do not imagine that many other golfers have either, and in that sense it was rather bad luck on Layton. But the courage required, in the circumstances, to use that club deserved the success which it brought to Scroggie.

The Cruden Bay Tournament

A. B. Coote (Royal Worlington and Newmarket Club), winner of this Amateur Tournament, receiving the Cup from Mrs. D. A. Davidson, née Ingles, formerly a Scottish woman champion. On the left is Lord Caithness

BEFORE the war, many great names played in the Nairn Tournament, and I hope I will be forgiven if I mention that my father, on the last day of the Tournament, when he was sixty years old, beat W. J. Guild at the nineteenth in the Semi-Final, and G. C. Manford on the last green in the Final. A very eminent brace for a middle-aged gentleman.

I HAVE no space to tell of the records at Dornoch, which, immediately after the war, was a meeting which had a great attraction for Roger Wethered, neither have I space to recount A. F. Simpson's two consecutive victories at Pitlochry; but all the names that I have mentioned are great names in golf, and they are worthy of the game, which is played on absolutely first-class links and in invigorating air which seem to bring out one's best during these delightful tournaments.

Yevonde

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 8. Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux

Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux were married last year, Lady Brougham and Vaux being the younger of the two French sisters, grand-daughters of the late Earl of Ypres. Lord Brougham and Vaux not long ago had a penchant for buying houses in Mayfair, and at one moment was the owner of no less than three. He and his wife are now settled in Culross Street

Janet Jevons

THE LUCE SISTERS

A new photograph of Polly Luce and Claire Luce, the American actresses. Polly Luce is at present playing the part of Polly in "Tell Her the Truth," at the Saville Theatre. Claire Luce made her name over here in "Burlesque," playing opposite Nelson Keys, and anyone who saw her then will be glad to know that she may be acting again in London in the autumn

The New Plays

A Flight of Folly at the Savoy

PERHAPS Mr. Archie de Bear will counter the suggestion that his *Savoy Follies* are not a team by protesting that the idea is to avoid deliberately the spirit of banded bonhomie created by The Follies and successfully exploited by The Co-Optimists. If so, *Savoy Folly* would be as good a label for this excellent midsummer nights' entertainment, built round the individual achievements of Stanley Holloway, Florence Desmond, and Gillie Potter. Perhaps, in these brotherhoods, avoirdupois and leadership are synonymous. Mr. Potter has many a stone to turn before he can claim the Burnaby calibre, and Mr. Holloway is a mere wraith compared to that elusive mountain of mockery that was Harry Pélissier. Neither of our modern Savoyards has that comfortable air of the compleat pierrotic paterfamilias. Mr. Potter is a lean pantaloon and learned, with the pedant's manner and the lecturer's lore—the very antithesis of Mr. Jollyboy. The Holloway to hilarity is via the breeziness of the baritone and the comic recitation, the twain compounded of Widdicombe fare and Yorkshire relish. Miss Desmond is outside these remarks, the female duty in these follifications being to show us, first, how nice nice legs look in long, black silk stockings; and, second, to do their bit, whether it be imitating film stars or singing a sentimental ballad, with despatch and allure. The only Co-optimistress I can think of with the necessary all-round qualities for commander-in-chief is Maisie Gay. Mr. de Bear might give us next a troupe with comédiennes as the stars and a few young men to act as background, hum the bouches fermées and move the two pianos.

THOSE inevitable instruments, an opening chorus in which everybody introduces themselves in turn, black and white dresses, a quartette in which two tramps, a policeman and a match-seller gravely interpret joie de vivre in terms of Stock Exchange buoyancies, and a burlesque of the potted-play variety produce the right Folly atmosphere. "The Dishonoured Czech" is a capital guy of non-stop All-British spectacle featuring All-foreign principals. Florence Desmond is blondely Annie Ahlerish, and Stanley Holloway, whose mimicry of actors is just as good as his farmyard noises, gives quite a brilliant little impression of Francis Lederer in *The Cat and the Fiddle*.

MISS DESMOND'S trump card is a Hollywood Party given and attended only by herself. Her imitations of Greta Garbo and other celluloid goddesses roused the film fans in the first-night gallery to such excessive applause that Gillie Potter's plaint of "I have to follow that!" might have been the swan song of a lesser craftsman. As it was, the potter's wheel revolved without a falter to the legend of the Marshmallows of Hogsnorton, and gave forth gems of classic wit and erudite burlesque worthy of the College of Heralds and Harry Graham in his happiest Bloodbusterfield vein.

The night was grilling; it was positively too hot to laugh. Mr. Potter and his Harrow-brimmed straw hat reduced the stalls to a hot-bed of helplessness. Awaiting apoplexy, I yet blessed him with my last gasp. This family discourse is a trifle more scholarly than the blackboard travel lecture (I trust that Watney's brewery will keep Mr. Potter in perpetual pints), but no whit eclipsed by the monologue of a Judge committing a woman to penal servitude for selling toffee-apples after eight o'clock.

BUT I am straying away from Miss Desmond and her film-stars, whose vocal mannerisms, ignorance of the originals and the cheers of the cognoscenti persuade me to accept as larger than life and twice as natural. What Miss Desmond can do with, and for, Tallulah Bankhead we knew already, remembering her solitary incursion into *Charlot's Masquerade* for that purpose. But where her Dorothy Dickson scored an instant bull, her Gracie Fields must be signalled as an outer. Miss Desmond is a great acquisition and a very decorative person into the bargain.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY is in capital form, whether taking "the Rocketty Road" as a vocal yokel (with smock and bird-noises); chanting a modern Bluehoo-hoo "Lullaby to the Leaves"; or guying "Soft-boiled Ballads" as Lieutenant Bird, with Miss Desmond as his performing spouse. The admirers of "Sam's Musket" will rejoice to hear that the latest recitation is well up to standard. The story of young Alfred Ramsbotham, who was eaten by a lion in the Blackpool Zoo, has been heard before—in another, and unprintable, version. But it is a masterpiece of Yorkshire phlegm.

Several certificates of merit remain to be awarded. To William Walker at the piano with Bobby Alderson; to William Walker at the piano by himself; and to William Walker with his cabaret partner, Iris Ashley, both at the same piano. To Hal Swain and his band, Hal Bryan and his antics, Polly Ward and her lovely legs, Teddy Fox and his dances, Bertha Riccardo and her crinoline song, Rita Mackay and her voice. The Gilbert and Sullivan finale is weak and patchy, but how can one imitate the inimitable?

Heat-wave or no, this is just the show for a summer evening. If you and Professor Potter are unacquainted, this is your lucky chance. But come early and bring a spare collar. —TRINCULO.

Mannell

Phyllis Konstam

who has returned to the stage after her marriage to H. W. Austin, and is taking a prominent part in Galsworthy's "Escape," revived at the Garrick Theatre last week

Jessie Matthews

Pyjama clad, as she appears in the Gainsborough musical talkie, "There Goes the Bride," which is being produced at the Beaconsfield studios by Albert de Courville

Cedric Belfrage *discusses* The PASSING

George F. Cannons

Cedric Belfrage

Mr. Belfrage has drawn attention to the fact that, by an error, a photograph of a plague of locusts over Mount Kamet was published here lately as being a representation of his face. Here is how George Cannons, the Hollywood photographer, sees Mr. Belfrage. "All I want is a chance to make good," Mr. Belfrage pleads

BEFORE we start the regular service this week, brothers and sisters, I ask you to bow your heads in reverent silence while we contemplate the tragedy of Mlle. Anne Grey, whose photograph adorns this page.

Here is Mlle. Grey's soul-cry, transmitted to the world through her Press-agent:

"Miss Anne Grey, one of England's most beautiful motion-picture actresses, is so tired of hearing herself described with just that phrase that she is loudly crying she wishes she had been born plain—even very plain. But her protest is not inspired by ennui—there is a deeper, much more tragic reason behind her lament. It is that when motion-picture critics speak of her they say, 'Beautiful Anne Grey,' not 'Anne Grey—the actress.' And this, she believes, is responsible for the fact that only now is she beginning to get the type of part that requires real acting ability.

"'I know I shouldn't complain,' says Miss Grey. . . ."

But a mist rises before my eyes. I think we had better pass on to something else before we all make a public exhibition of ourselves. . . .

NEWS has just come in from Hollywood of one of the choicest original rackets of recent times.

It appears that two strange gentlemen descended upon Movieville and let it be known that they were about to set sail for the South Seas to make a film called *The Soul Trader*.

This sounded good to a number of unemployed film workers, and soon the kind gentlemen were besieged with applications to join the party, which were treated in the most friendly spirit. All applicants were taken on, at more than comfortable salaries, on one condition—that they posted a bond of £100 by way of guarantee that they would not, when the party arrived, run off with the dusky native girls.

For ingenuity, this idea to raise funds in tough old Hollywood would take some beating. It worked beautifully—until the kind gentlemen were found out.

They are now up for trial on charges of grand theft.

HOLLYWOOD'S non-stop divorce circus continues to provide us dear, old-fashioned English with our quota of clean laughs. One blenches slightly at the thought of what some of these stars suffer to build up what the "fan-magazines" describe as a "love-life." The mental agony of Ralph Forbes, for example—that finest flower of our own Denstone College—as he came down to dinner, night after night, in his "tuxedo," to find Ruth Chatterton Forbes dressed in pyjamas! Well, it just doesn't bear thinking, much less

Above: Irene Richards and John Loder in a scene from "The Butler's Millions." Irene Richards, in private life, is Lady Dunn, Sir James Dunn's second wife

The Captain and

George Bancroft as the Bolshevik sea-captain and Miriam Hopkins as during the course of "The World and the Flesh," the first, we hear, o

PICTURE SHOW

writing about. But one can sympathise with the man who married the world's most toney Oxford accent only to find that the proprietor of it lacked tradition-consciousness. Ralph should have learned at Denstone that many a broad "a" conceals something or other—oh, I forget what.

Eleanor Boardman and director King (*Big Parade*) Vidor are at it, too. It's a real shame that this most popular and delightful of Hollywood couples couldn't make a go of it. They have been on-again-off-again for the last two years or more, but Eleanor has made a supreme effort to keep the marriage going. All attempts in Hollywood along these lines seem fore-doomed to failure.

EVEN the most permanent-seeming romances fade away in Movieville. In many cases, as in that of the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister marriage, it is probably due to fluctuations in the fortunes of the partners. One partner becomes more famous than the other—possibly reversing the previous position—and then something snaps.

Hollywood clung to the Harding-Bannister and the Fairbanks-Pickford marriages as to something holy. When the Bannisters took the road to Reno, there was little left to cling to, for it was already an open secret that all was not so quiet on the Pickfair front. Doug. and Mary have, for a year and more, been in that "just-good-friends" stage, according to all the more reliable sources of gossip. In spite of occasional amorous posings for the photographers, all the evidence would indicate that Doug. and Mary are now leading practically separate lives. They are, however, apparently going to stay out of the divorce courts—perhaps as a sort of beau geste for the sake of Hollywood's morale.

Ann Dvorak and Spencer Tracy as they appeared at a critical moment in "Sky Devils." Ann Dvorak is quite a new star, but she already has a prominent place in the cinema heavens

Right: Anne Grey, who has transmitted a pathetic soul-cry, to which our contributor refers in these notes

Anne Grey

the Lady

the lady who changes her political party once or twice many Hollywood-Soviet films, now showing at the Plaza

FILMS ABOUT TOWN

But the Flesh is Weak—Trust Hollywood to find a title like that for Ivor Novello's "The Truth Game." The star and his supporting players contribute sparkling work to a story that is of less than no importance but helps pass the time. (With Robert Montgomery, Heather Thatcher, Nora Gregory, Fred Kerr, Aubrey Smith, Eva Moore.)

The World and the Flesh—The Russian Revolution, as Hollywood sees it. A celluloid absurdity of the first water—and the star seems to have lost his grip. (With George Bancroft, Miriam Hopkins.)

The Trial of Vivienne Ware—A treat for those who appreciate technical highlights—but it's a pity they're lavished on this ordinary court-room story. (With Joan Bennett, Jameson Thomas, Lillian Bond.)

She Wanted a Millionaire—A bewildering Hollywood hotchpotch of wisecrack comedy, beauty parades, and Red Barn melodrama. (With Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy.)

Panama Flo—Sex-stuff in the jungle fastnesses of South America. Quite incredible, but entertaining if you take it with a pinch of salt. (With Helen Twelvetrees, Charles Bickford, Robert Armstrong.)

If Gossip We

That Lausanne Business — The Abbey Statues — A Hot-Weather Meal — The Henson Brothers

Arthur Owen

Two guests at the Countess of Lathom's party held recently: Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the famous musician and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury

Swaebe

Dog racing at the White City: The Countess of Gainsborough, Captain Gunston, and Mrs. Alec Wilson dine and watch

HOWEVER hot or stormy the weather, the British public, God bless 'em, are always in a mood to cheer. One stuffy week-end they cheered, as I mentioned a few days ago, the Zeppelin. The next stuffy week-end they cheered Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, fresh from a trip to Lovely Lausanne. Yet, except in the matter of loss of life, the outcome of the Lausanne Conference is likely to prove ten thousand times more expensive to Great Britain than all the Zeppelins which have ever visited us.

What is more, we look fools. And it has never yet done a nation or an individual any good to look a fool.

THE crowning point of our folly has been to leap about ecstatically, both at Victoria Station and in print, over a man who has made a mistake. It is not even an original mistake, for it is just the same type of error which Mr. Baldwin, from motives equally amiable, made when he, too, settled with the United States regardless of the situation in Europe.

I find it fitting in so well with the general scheme of things that the announcement of Great Britain's fat-headed generosity should coincide with that carnival of good form, the Eton and Harrow match.

For it is good form to preserve a lofty carelessness about money matters; it is good form to foot the whole of the bill at any gathering; it is good form to acquiesce smilingly while the other side get the better of any and every bargain.

WHAT is, then, the good form over which there has been so laudatory a hullabaloo?

We have forgiven all our debtors without taking any thought of whether our creditors will forgive us. We are to take nothing from Europe, which owed us millions and millions, and are to go on paying millions and millions to America for the next half-century or so.

And the cream of the good form (or the cream of the joke) is that the money we send to America is a debt incurred by us on behalf of the nations we have forgiven. Everyone else gets something. We get nothing. So let that put a kick into the fag-end of the season.

SOME optimistic asses seem to think that America, fired by our example, will do likewise and tell us we need pay them no more.

There is no more chance of America doing that than there is of a pat of butter lasting a century in hell. America is as hard up as she can be. In the utterly unlikely event of an American politician

In Her Element

Frances Day, now at the London Hippodrome in "Out of the Bottle," is as effective in cabaret as on the stage. Above is our artist's impression of her in cabaret

MUST . . .

making any such suggestion, he would almost certainly be lynched.

It is hardly probable that a nation which repudiated a vast sum of money owed to us should, years later, at a time of financial stress, be unwilling to take from us money which is, at any rate, legally owing. And yet, relying on this impossible contingency, our friend from Lossiemouth has made a settlement

Swaebe

Mr. Sim and the Duchess of Manchester, two more spectators watching at the White City

Swaebe

Lady Doris Gunston, another patroness of the White City, where the dog-racing is proving so exceedingly popular with all classes

which we docilely hail as a triumph. Not only have we (as usual) been sold a pup, we have courteously paid a fancy price for it, knowing that it is a pup.

I HAVE just escorted an American friend to Westminster Abbey. Instead of a look of awe on his face at the age and beauty of the place, I saw only incredulous amusement (for we entered that door by St. Margaret's Church, where the weddings come from) at the resemblance to a stonemason's yard. Is it not time some of those preposterous statues of dead and, for the most part, forgotten notabilities were removed? They have, of course, no religious significance, and on that account alone the intelligent foreigner is astonished that they should be there at all. They are not historically interesting, and as for æsthetics, they are hideous. So why retain them? There they stand by the score, blocking the view—stone orators extending stone hands in rhetorical gestures; stone generals (and precious bad generals some of them were); stone admirals; and, in one case, a long-dead bankrupt—stone, and stoney-broke. They look, indeed, rather comic, and that is an additional reason why they should not be there.

So why not a sort of "Crazy Week" in Westminster Abbey, and a general clean up? If a Saturnalia, with axes and hammers for those dreadful statues, would be rather too reminiscent of doings in Russia, beloved of our Bernard Shaw, Lady Astor, and the Passfields, I see no reason why they should not be removed to, say, Salisbury Plain, where they could be placed in circles and form a rival to Stonehenge. Besides, one could enjoy the comic horror of them all the more in less sanctified surroundings. I remember the brilliant suggestion of the late Basil Macdonald Hastings when the site was being discussed of a companion statue to an already existing libel in marble on the great and good Queen Victoria. "Put it bang next to it," said Mac, "so that one laugh can do for both!"

CONSTANTLY am I being confronted with the doings of debs, sub-debs, young lovelies, young-marrieds, and the like. I do not pretend to be able to differentiate between these strange sections of Society as it is constituted to-day, and know little of them beyond the fact that they have very loud voices and indulge in scavenging parties. Some organiser of functions—say Miss Olga Lynn—would do a public service by driving a flock of these folk into Westminster Abbey for a scavenging party. It would, at any rate, rest their voices.

THE hot weather caused the hotels and restaurants to blossom forth with a variety of cooling menus. I do not think at such times the temperature of what one eats matters so much as its constitution; cold roast beef, that is to say, is more heating than hot fish. On a really grilling morning recently I lunched with, and under the guidance of, Mr. "Bucky" Taylor, who is a judge of food, amusing stories, and music-hall comedians. The menu, specially prepared, consisted of soup made of bananas and cold salmon-trout, with a sauce made of shrimps and gooseberries. I should have thought that shrimps and gooseberries would be

"Our daughter is too young to marry. Let her wait until someone respectable comes along."

"Why should she? I didn't!"

about as unhappy a combination as, say, sardines and marmalade. But it was admirable. "We must keep to cold stuff," we chimed in chorus; "nothing alcoholic, plenty of fruit and lettuce, and have a really cooling meal." And it was so. And we found it so exquisitely cooling that we wound up with liqueur brandy, which entirely swept away the whole point of the lunch, and emerged into the hot streets feeling as if we were wearing fur coats.

Right: N. de Molas, the young Russian artist, who was the first to revive the idea of painted ceilings, and has executed them for Lady Mendl, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, and Mrs. Woolley Hart. He is seen here with one of the panels he has painted for Fortnum and Mason

MOST comedians are serious people off the stage (and some depressingly serious on it). But that volatile person, Leslie Henson, has probably never been so serious as his brother Bertram was when he wrote *The Scion*, a play which I scaled the Northern Heights to see at the Embassy Theatre the other night. Brother Bertram is distinctly Hensonesque of aspect, but taller, and he has not at present that ruddy tan of Brother Leslie, who was sitting in the second row of the stalls in fraternal appreciation. *The Scion* deals with hereditary insanity, and the author, has taken his subject with tremendous seriousness (you can't very well be funny about it, anyway, any more than could Old Man Ibsen). But there is a happy ending, for the hero is not as mad as he thinks he is, and the Embassy should do well with *The Scion*, which may possibly come to the West End.

These outlying theatres deserve encouragement, for they are fighting a difficult battle against the Greta Garbonic acid gas which is gradually overclouding the neighbourhoods in which they are situated. Less than a generation ago, most suburbs had a flourishing theatre. Now, few of them have a theatre at all, but cinemas by the score. And if I am wrong in calling Swiss Cottage a suburb, I apologise to St. John's Wood.

I SUPPOSE, also, an apology is due to the author of the Embassy play, who has been referred to universally as "Mr. Leslie Henson's brother." Max Beerbohm had an answer for all those who used to say to him, "I believe you are Beerbohm Tree's brother?" "No," he would reply. "He is *my* brother."

"What would I have to give you for one little kiss?"

"Chloroform!"

League of Mercy Fête at Colville Hall, Essex

Margaret Bannerman gives Mark Hambourg (who both helped to entertain) a Yo-Yo lesson

"A STRAW SHOWS—"

A Sunday newspaper solemnly suggests that the straw boater, which the Prince of Wales has made popular again, may signalise a revival of pre-war fashions and customs!

ARE you the herald, dear old straw,
(Or should I call you "Gent.'s
Straw Boater"?)
Of customs markedly pre-War,
And consequently shall we note a
Real Edwardian atmosphere
Return to gladden us this year?

Will Yo-Yo soon receive a blow
That leaves it lying dead as mutton,
From our old friend Diabolo?
And shall we once more note the "nut" on
Sundays wearing collars high
And rainbow socks that blind the eye?

Will "Yip-I-Yaddie" put to rout
Those ghastly songs of syncopation;
And "Does Your Mother Know You're
Out?"
Become the catch-phrase of the nation?
Will Oxford raise a winning crew;
And hops be found in beer anew?

Old Straw, if what they say is true—
And who am I to doubt the statement?—
How gladly we'd all welcome you,
For it might be a sign that Fate meant
To ease the burden on our backs
And give us pre-War Income Tax!

B. W.

GLANCING through *Fifty Years*, that excellent collection of reminiscences which first appeared in the *Times*, and has now been published in book form, I noticed an omission which caused me some amusement. This omission may have been due to chance, but if it was, it struck me as a happy one. Sir Arthur Pinero, who contributes his recollections of fifty years of the Stage, when a younger man, suffered from the slings and arrows of outrageous Shaw, who was then a dramatic critic as well as a dramatist. Taken by and large, our premier dramatist, according to the Shavian critic, could do nothing right, and in the columns of the *Saturday Review* he had no hesitation in saying so.

SIR ARTHUR, who only twice in his life, I believe, took serious notice of anything which was written about his work—and this was when unfounded charges of plagiarism were brought against him—preserved a dignified silence when thus attacked. But now, unconsciously or not, he has had a sweet revenge, for in his review of fifty years' work on the stage, there is not one single reference to the great G. B. S.!

Varsity Varieties

Undergraduates' Activities In and Out of Doors

Swaebe

Oxford at Play

Above: Giles Playfair, Anthony Spurgeon, Oxford undergraduates, and Margery Binner, the well-known actress, rehearsing a sketch which they will play as part of a Pierrot programme with which they are touring the South Coast, under the name of "Oxford Blazers." Christopher Hassall, son of the famous artist, who played Romeo so successfully for the O.U.D.S., is also a member of the clever company

Sasha

The Varsity Ball at the Dorchester

given in aid of the Lewis Carroll Memorial Ward for Children, was very well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Included in the group above are Mr. Bevan, Mr. Ryan, Miss Butt, Miss Leander, Miss Ryan, Miss Few, Mr. Fitch Williams, Miss Trewbridge, Mr. R. H. Taylor, Miss Worthington, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Gidden

An Oxford Victory

Above is the winning Oxford Polo team, O. S. Poole, L. H. Rodgers, the Hon. John Pearson, and J. Lakin, who defeated Cambridge at Hurlingham by eleven goals to nil

Sasha

Left: Another Varsity Ball group at the Dorchester, showing Mr. Nightingale, Miss Betty Norman, Miss Waite, Mr. M. Nightingale, Miss Wingate, Miss Sharpe, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Orpen

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Does Coaching Create Dullness?

THERE are times when watching cricket is as pleasant a way of killing time as any other. There are also times when watching cricket is as ingenious a form of torture as any invented by the amiable but somewhat sadistic Chinese. I was reminded of this at Lord's during the Eton and Harrow match, when there was just enough pleasure to be obtained from some of the Harrow batting to emphasise how excruciatingly painful the rest of the cricket was.

THE weather was gorgeous—a little too hot for comfort, perhaps, if one wore, as I did not, the traditional attire—but it was pathetic to see all that good sunshine wasted by young batsmen who had apparently forgotten that a half-volley may be hit both safely and profitably.

REALLY, I began to think that there must be something in the theory which maintains that coaching is overdone at many public schools. The Harrow batsmen were all right, for M. Tindall, A. S. B. Gascoyne, R. Pulbrook, F. E. Covington, N. B. Clive, and T. M. Heaton attacked the bowling as if there were still some joy to be found in hitting a ball. It was the Etonians who bothered me, not because their technique was faulty, but because it was too correct. They all played the same strokes in the same manner, and formal strokes they were, with the bat swinging up and down, as the text-books teach, and dabbing the ball—even the excessively bad ball—straight to the bowler or a fieldsman.

NATURALLY, they unbent occasionally, and hit the full-pitch on the leg side with some severity, but I doubt whether there were a dozen off-drives or square-cuts in both Eton innings put together. This may be a slight exaggeration—only a slight one—but you will see what I mean. Eton had been carefully taught, so carefully that they had lost their freedom.

I know they had reason to be cautious, for Harrow were reputedly the better side, and Eton had been given a severe fright by Winchester, but it was the manner of their caution and the spirit underlying it which were so depressing. It is one thing to abjure unnecessary risks; it is another to discard attacking strokes entirely. It is one thing to make the most of winning the toss on a perfect wicket by building up a huge total solidly; it is another to throw away the advantage of a perfect wicket by allowing half-volleys and long hops to hit the bat.

IT all boils down to this: that if a team of schoolboys from Eton dare not attempt to force a victory against weak bowling, in a two-day match, there is something seriously wrong with their outlook on the game. We expect, and rightly, I think, to see joyous, adventurous cricket in a school match, and when, instead, the Test Match atmosphere is dominant, we have reason to worry a little about the future.

POSSIBLY I am making a mountain out of a molehill; it may be that, next summer, Eton will prove that all the natural talent and enjoyment has not been drilled out of them. It was just the feeling that the Eton batsmen had been turned out of a machine which was so chilling and significant, though I must admit that it is hard to imagine George Hirst, now the Eton coach, devising any machinery which could turn out such uninteresting products.

OF the individual players in this match there is little to say. There were no bowlers of any promise on either side, but there were one or two likely batsmen, among them M. Tindall and A. S. B. Gascoyne, of Harrow, who struck me as youngsters worth watching.

N. S. B. Hotchkin, of Eton, also did remarkably well—it is something of a feat to make 153, 109, and 96 in successive innings against Harrow, and he is obviously a player well above the average. He did, however, suffer from the general paralysis, though his actual stroke play was sound and solid.

AS a matter of fact, I hope we shall see some more inspiring school cricket in the matches which begin at Lord's next Monday—Clifton v. Tonbridge, Rugby v. Marlborough, and Haileybury v. Cheltenham. None of these schools has outstanding teams this summer, but most of them can claim some useful performances. Marlborough, for instance, went very near to beating Winchester, and that was something of an achievement, for Winchester have some very promising players.

I ONLY wish Uppingham were playing at Lord's, since they are about the best side of the year, with any amount of bowling, and two outstanding batsmen—D. F. Walker and J. V. Gillespie. I am told that Walker is really an exceptionally good player, the best, they say, that Uppingham have had since A. P. F. Chapman. And that reminds me what vintage years there were in school cricket round about 1919, when such players as D. R. Jardine, G. T. S. Stevens, N. E. Partridge, C. H. Gibson, A. P. F. Chapman, C. T. Ashton, L. P. Hedges, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, and G. S. Butler were at their best.

It is unlikely that there has ever been so fruitful a season, and it was crowned by the fact that G. T. S. Stevens played for the Gentlemen at Lord's.

I REMEMBER it particularly well, for I happened to play with or against all of them, and many weary, though admiring, hours did I spend in the field while Jardine, Chapman, and Hedges played remarkable innings.

Chapman was a beautiful cricketer to watch in those days, and so was Hedges—there was a game on the lovely Tonbridge ground when I had to drop back from cover-point to the boundary, and still could not stop Hedges taking four after four with glorious square-cuts and drives. Jardine, too, was an extraordinary schoolboy batsman, with the maturity of an experienced player.

I SUPPOSE these things go in cycles, and that soon we shall have another vintage year. It is rather interesting to note, however, that the boys who were so brilliant in 1918 and 1919 were the products of the war years, when there was far less coaching than there is now, and also far less serious cricket.

The Better Part of the Eton and Harrow—!

The dullness of the Eton cricket, on which Howard Marshall animadverts on this page, was enlivened by the frocks of the women spectators, as, for instance, those of Miss Molly and Miss Cynthia Winterstoke-Stancombe, who are seen above at Lord's

Lady Joan Hope and Lady Susan Edginton photographed outside Lord's on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow match, which ended in a draw

BY G. S. SHERWOOD

"There's Money In It!"

G.E. 263.

The French Picture Matinée

1. *Lady Joan Hope, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who is Chairman of the Princess Beatrice Hospital appeal, Lady Doreen Hope, Lady Anne Hope, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Chairman of the Papworth Settlement appeal*

2. *Miss Billie Royds and the Hon. Eileen Brougham, two of the programme-sellers at His Majesty's Theatre, with Miss Cholmondeley*

3. *Miss Valerie Lynch, Lady Honor Guinness, and Miss Dawn Gold, who all sold programmes, with Mrs. Howard Winter and Miss Anne Meade, another programme-seller*

4. *Lady Angela Scott, Miss Mollie Gretton, and Lady Mary Hope were also among the forty-six programme-sellers at this living-picture show*

Personalities at His Majesty's Theatre

5. *Lady Jane Egerton, the Earl of Ellesmere's second daughter, was another who acted as a programme girl*

6. *And so was Miss Jeanne Stourton, who is seen here wearing an example of the much-discussed bell-hop hats*

7. *Lady Marguerite Bligh, daughter of the Earl of Darnley, also helped to collect some of the "takings" at this wonderfully successful matinée*

Photographs by Arthur Owen

A Fair Danish Invader—Will

Armoured in Silk and Satin

GWILI A

Gwili Andre has the reputation of being th and Steicher, the New York photographer, arrived in America from Denmark, has ad less beauty. She is now under contract Richard Dix in "The Roar of the Dragon is promoted to stardom, so her film appr

She Depose the Dietrich?

VILI ANDRE

of being the most photographed girl in America, notographer, whose model she was when she first ark, has adjudged her to be the possessor of flaw- r contract to RKO-Radio, and plays opposite the Dragon." In "Mistress of Moscow," she film apprenticeship has not been a long one

Her Beauty Makes a Thousand Captives

Above: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Vivian Jackson, who have just returned from their honeymoon, were at the Hon. David and Mrs. Tennant's recent party at the Gargoyle

Below: Lady Bridget Poulett and Mr. T. Driberg were there when Hermione Baddeley (Mrs. Tennant) tried out her sketch, "Missing the Bus"

Above: The Hon. Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland's eldest son, and Mrs. Henry Winch were two more of Mr. and Mrs. Tennant's guests

Left: At another Gargoyle party were Captain James Bobini, Miss Dorothy Hurrell and Mr. A. Jackson Slattery

Below: The Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine was with Mr. and Mrs. Tennant's party; he is seen here with Miss Aubrey Dexter

Gargoyling in the Wee Sma' Hoors

Tennants and Guests

Left: The Hon. David Tennant, moving spirit of the Gargoyle and host of the party when most of these photographs were taken, with the Hon. Nancy Mitford

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Pratts Ethyl is *trained* petrol

PRATTS Ethyl petrol is *trained* to stop knocking or "pinking," which is so damaging to your engine. Thus, it gives your car longer life.

It is *trained* to give better climbing, thus reducing gear-changing on hills and in traffic. This means more miles to the gallon.

It is *trained* to give cooler running, by converting heat into power instead of allowing it to escape wastefully and make the engine hot.

It is *trained* to admit of running on advanced ignition, thus gaining a higher output of horse-power and extraordinary acceleration.

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at SAME PRICE

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McC. 397

AT NIGHT the trend is westward — westward to enjoy an evening entirely different.

For just one night go that way yourself — treat yourself to a thrill. See and enjoy Greyhound Racing at its best at the finest track in the world. You may say "This is my first visit" — you'll never add "This is my last" —

There is a reason why the trend is westward — it is

GREYHOUND RACING AT THE WHITE CITY

See it and judge for yourself

The best place to see Greyhound Racing is at the White City, and the best place at the White City to see the racing is the Greyhound Racing Club. Enlarged premises, Ball Room, Club Lounge, etc. You can view the racing in comfort while you dine luxuriously. Write to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City.

A Great Day for British Aero Engines : By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Gipsy's Triumph

THE race for the King's Cup was remarkable principally for engine reliability, there being no failures, and especially on account of the success of the Gipsy engine, the first nine machines being fitted with this type. Of the latest model, known as the IIIA., two were entered, fitted to the winning machine, Captain Hope's Fox Moth, and to Lord Wakefield's Moth, flown by Captain Broad, which finished fifth. Both of these engines were run at 2,350 revs. for the entire course of 1,233 miles, the Fox Moth averaging just over 124 miles an hour and the open two-seater a little more than 131. As a handicap race, it was disappointing, the winner being 23 minutes ahead of Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden, piloting the Prince of Wales's Comper Swift, who was a quarter of an hour ahead of Mr. W. L. Runciman, flying his own Puss Moth, with which he won the Siddeley Trophy as the representative of the Aero Club of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Avro Mail 'plane, starting scratch, broke the record for the course, at 176 miles an hour, although it finished last of all. The success of the Fox Moth, the latest Gipsy Moth, and the Swift with a Gipsy engine, was due undoubtedly to superb engine performance and clean lines. The Percival Gull, with the latest Hermes engine, acquitted itself well, averaging nearly 143 miles an hour.

Left : Captain W. L. Hope receives the King's Cup with a winning smile. Lord Gorell is on the left and Mr. A. E. Hagg, of de Havillands, entrant of the Fox Moth, which Captain Hope piloted to victory, in the centre. Captain Hope has now won the Cup three times

Below : Some of the girls from "Fanfare" at Le Touquet for a day by the sea, the journey each way taking fifty minutes from London in the machines operated by Air Union. This service is especially popular during the summer months

A Brooklands Party

BROOKLANDS proved once again that it is an ideal centre for a flying meeting, although on this occasion no special effort was made to attract a large crowd of the general public. Thousands of people watched the race from the various controls and turning-points, the course touching Shoreham and Portsmouth on the south coast, Bristol and Hooton Park to the west, and Ipswich on the east side. The club-house at Brooklands was thronged all day on Saturday, and excellent commentary by Major Goodfellow at the microphone assisted considerably to interest those who were not fully acquainted with all the details of machines and pilots. Comic relief was provided by Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton's "Bluebird," which ran amok, fortunately without causing any damage. Someone unacquainted with aeroplane or engine controls jumped into the cockpit, but failed to pull the right lever until he was assisted by another man clinging to the side, who brought the runaway to a standstill. In the evening, a large party stayed on for dinner in the open air, after which there was dancing until the small hours, not forgetting that Mr. Raymond Quilter played host by celebrating once again the birth of champagne. Flying rates at Brooklands are low, when one considers that no entrance fee or annual subscription is charged for the club to school pupils. Also, members of the B.A.R.C. get a reduction of twenty per cent. on all fees, and full residential accommodation can be obtained for three guineas a week.

Home-Touring

A GRADUAL increase in the number of aerodromes where service can be obtained for man, woman, or machine helps to popularise home-touring and make flying safe in all weathers. In time, I suppose, we shall find a landing-ground at every town, and hundreds more dotted about in the country where there is some attraction after one has arrived. At Gatwick, the Surrey Aero Club's headquarters, instruction can be obtained on the "Redwing," which is a side-by-side two-seater with a very low landing speed, eminently safe for beginners. The Redwing Works are still at Colchester, but plans have been made to transfer them to Gatwick in the near future. The Danum Aero Club at Doncaster was fortunate in having Sir Alan Cobham with the full National Aviation Day programme to introduce itself to the locality, and plenty of support has been the result. The new Club automatically becomes the focus for flying activities over a very large district, and Armthorpe Aerodrome will be used until the Municipal Airport is completed, which happy event should occur some time next year. Mr. A. G. D. Alderson has been the moving spirit in getting a company formed to purchase machines and hire the site. He was a scout pilot in the Royal Flying Corps, and has kept in touch with aviation ever since, so that the movement locally could not be in better hands.

The British Air University

THE object for which Air Service Training was formed at Hamble has been fully justified, if one can judge from the number of pupils, both British and foreign, who are taking courses at our air university. Routine at Hamble is similar to university life, except that more time is spent in the open air. The best traditions of R.A.F. training have been adapted to suit a civil establishment, administered by Group-Captain R. J. F. Barton. Recent pupils have included officers from the Greek Navy; M. Bret, the well-known French private owner; Mr. Yuill, chief instructor to the Lancashire Club; and Lord Amherst.

Books of the Day

Two Great Men and a Dancer

By "Junius"

WHEN Marshal Lyautey, then a Major, was appointed to the Headquarters Staff of the French Army of Occupation in Tonquin, at the age of forty, there was nothing in his military career to indicate that one day he would become a Marshal of France and the greatest of all her Pro-consuls. Tonquin gave him his opportunity, and was the stepping-stone to one of the most brilliant achievements in modern European history—Lyautey's consolidation of French power in Morocco.

Lyautey went to Tonquin in 1894. His letters to his relations and friends were carefully kept. They have been published in France, and now we have them in English, *Intimate Letters from Tonquin* (The Bodley Head; 15s.), admirably and sympathetically translated by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. In themselves, the letters are full of colour and interest. Written without any idea of publication, they give you the impressions of a keenly observant man, a man of the world, a soldier, a man of humour, a man with an instant grasp of essentials. After reading them, you understand how Lyautey achieved his great work in Morocco.

BUT to English readers the most interesting point will be Lyautey's frequent comparisons between our methods of colonisation and those of the French. Here is one of his comparisons:—

"They [the English] have a special staff. We have not. With them there is a school, a doctrine, a colonial system based on experience, from which they derive methods essentially supple and elastic in their application, leaving details to be dealt with on broad lines by personal initiative, with latitude to vary them to the utmost. With us, there is no colonial school, no principles, and as many methods as persons, and often what persons!"

Again—and this is the root difference between English and French colonisation—"With the English, the functionary is the servant of the man of affairs, and it is his duty to clear the road and provide facilities. With us, the taxpayer, the colonist, exists for the benefit of the functionary."

THE late Edward Marjoribanks's *Life of Marshall Hall* has already gone into eleven editions. I am sure that even a greater number will be needed of *The Life of Lord Carson. Volume I.* (Gollancz; 15s.). It is a brilliant achievement, and not only a record of a great advocate, but a presentment of some of the most famous trials in which he appeared in a manner which a practised novelist could not better in fiction. Lord Hailsham, Mr. Marjoribanks's step-father, tells us in a preface that the author had planned two volumes, the present one, which ends with Lord Carson accepting the Ulster leadership in 1910, and a second, covering the later years. This first volume was completed before the writer's death. He had collected the material for the second volume, and this will be handed over to "whatever successor Lord Carson may select." This engrossing book shows we have lost a great biographer in Edward Marjoribanks.

Paul Tanqueray

Lesley Storm

Miss Lesley Storm, whose new book, "Let in the Sun," will be published shortly

LADY ELEANOR SMITH has not chosen a new theme for her novel, *Ballerina* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)—the life of a dancer, Paulina Varley, daughter of a fifth-rate actor, then world-famous as Varsovina. But the treatment of the theme rather than the theme itself, is the essential point of a story. And here Lady Eleanor has triumphed. Paulina's only interest in life is her dancing. Her father is scornful of her ability, and as he is going to marry their bottle-loving landlady, Paulina agrees to the suggestion of a juggler that she should escape with him and be his assistant in a travelling circus.

Lady Longford

Who has just had published, by Gollancz, a new novel entitled "Country Places"

With this man she goes half over Europe, until a kindly fate takes them to Bruges. There she is seen dancing by Stanislas Rosing, a retired member of the Russian ballet. He takes her into his house and trains her, and ultimately launches her on the world as Varsovina. Success only increases Paulina's passion for her work. Nothing else matters. She marries Rosing, and is indirectly responsible for his death by insisting on filling a South American contract. She has lovers, by one of whom she has a son, but her work dominates her existence until she meets a young Englishman. Then she falls in love for the first time in her life, and her work becomes of such little importance to her that she even refuses an engagement to dance before the Tzar at St. Petersburg.

THE young man succeeds to a title. This ends Paulina's romance. Dancing fills the rest of her life. All the European capitals, the United States, and South America see her and her ballet company. But the years creep on, and in this part of the story Lady Eleanor is psychologically at her best. Varsovina is growing old. This she only realises when she finds that Borek, her leading dancer, after refusing her own advances, is the lover of a girl whom she already regards as a rival. Forgotten by the careless world she had once conquered, she dies in a South American city, literally in harness. She has lived for dancing, and dancing actually kills her.

VARSOVINA'S greatest triumphs are in the Paris of the Second Empire. I don't know which to admire most—Lady Eleanor's description of a London suburb in 1845, the life in the circus, the hectic brilliance of Second Empire Paris, or the final scenes in South America. They are all most faithful, and form a perfect background for a story which, once read, leaves too vivid an impression to be easily forgotten.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Shaw Wildman

For Scotland

MISS Gladys Sammut looks particularly smart in this tweed coat and skirt from Burberry. It is made of an attractive check tweed in black, brown and white, and with it she wears a black béret, black gauntlet gloves, and a neutral-coloured silk scarf. Suits of this description are ideal for Scotland and for general country wear. Patterns will be sent on request. Shooting stick from William Evans

Country Wear

Shaw Wildman

FOR really hard wear in a climate which even the most optimistic cannot call reliable, a top-coat which is really water-, not shower-proof is essential, and now that the evil-smelling, ill-cut and drab garments which one reluctantly bought in the name of caution are no more, and our beauty specialists have invented water-proof creams and powders, there is no reason why we should not look as trim beneath a downpour as beneath a sunny sky. The well-tailored Zambrene coat worn by Miss Schofield in the photograph above is an excellent example of the attractive waterproofs made by this firm and can be obtained in either white or neutral colour. It is proofed on both sides, and is absolutely impervious to the elements. Miss Gladys Sammut is wearing a tweed coat and skirt from Marshall & Snelgrove, which has a hat of the same material and a scarf of wine-colour velvet to accentuate the predominant colour in the check. This suit costs 8½ guineas

Lenare

Lenare

Lenare

(Above)

THIS coat of Cameltex is immensely warm and comfortable and combines the protection of fur with the warmth of wool. It costs 6½ guineas, comes from Debenhams and is a becoming beige colour

(Left)

THIS check coat, of impeccable cut and made of the softest Saxony wool, comes from Studd and Millington. This type of coat can be had in a wide variety of materials, both patterned and plain, and in several different shapes

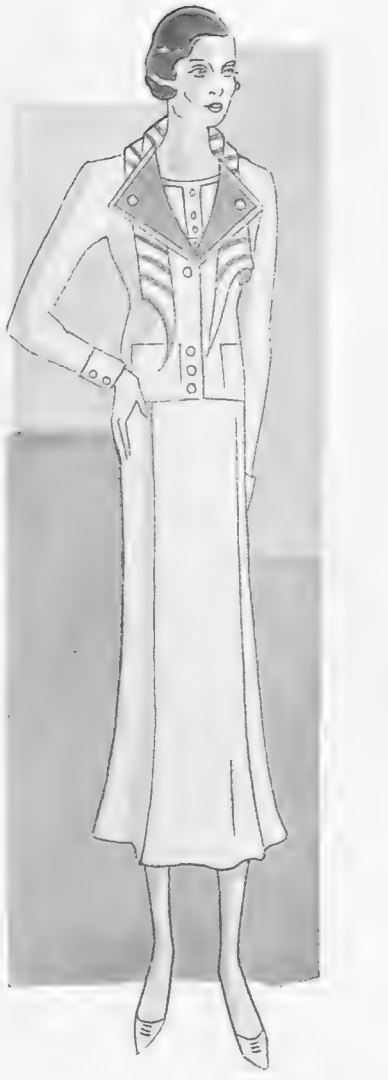
Photos Lenare

TO accompany these coats, Scott's hats, made either of uncrushable felt or of stitched tweed, are essential. Three versions of their new models are shown on the left and can be obtained, in any colour, from 25/-

Five of the smartest and prettiest young women in town pose in their newest and favourite gowns to David Plunket Greene

LADY Plunkett, the beautiful daughter of the ever-young Fanny Ward, is always exquisitely dressed and her graceful carriage shows off her clothes to their best advantage. She recently chose this blue and white spotted organdie dress from Norman Hartnell. When the tiny blue organdie coat is removed, it reveals a bodice of white organdie with a high décolletage bordered by a circular collar

MISS Teresa Jungman's blonde loveliness looks equally well in sunlight or by artificial light, for her hair is the pale spun-gold of fairy tales. She wears long, filmy gowns of light colours, and looks particularly attractive in white. Here she is seen in a white chiffon dress trimmed with a one-sided shoulder cape and trail of flowers of angel blue. Miss Jungman is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness



● MRS. Brian Guinness is another lovely blonde, and comes from a family of exceptionally pretty daughters. She recently gave a dance in honour of the coming-out of her younger sister, the Hon. Unity Mitford, although it is only a few years ago since she herself made her début. She was sketched for us in a pale-blue satin gown cut on severe lines but relieved by fine embroideries of blue sequins

● LADY Weymouth, who was before her marriage the Hon. Daphne Vivian, is extremely dark and handsome. Her native good looks are always enhanced by carefully chosen clothes and her slim figure looks particularly well in the so-called sports clothes of to-day. The suit in which she has been sketched, comes from H. J. Nicoll, and is made of off-white kasha. It has navy blue facings, and a blue and white scarf

● LADY Sybell Lygon, the second daughter of Earl Beauchamp, has dark hair cut short and brushed forward on to her cheeks. She is wearing a smart suit from Fortnum and Mason made of flame-colour basket-weave cloth, which is trimmed with metal clips of an unusual shape. These fasten the skirt and also the pockets and lapels of the coat, whose yoke is cleverly cut in one with the sleeves

Photographs

Miss Beryl Turner

Miss Turner, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, of St. Arvans, Hampton Wick, and Mr. John Stafford Vernon, Sir Herbert and Lady Vernon's youngest son, announced their engagement in May

Elwin Neame

Miss Diana Streatfield

Miss Streatfield, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Streatfield, lives at Chart Cottage, Westerham, Kent. She is engaged to Mr. Stanhope Peter Sandberg, whose home is at Crockham Hill, Kent

Lenare

Miss Ruby Nevill

Another Kent engagement is that of Miss Ruby Nevill and Mr. Kenneth Urquhart. Miss Nevill lives at West Malling, and Mr. Urquhart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Urquhart, at Brasted Place

Tunbridge

Miss Ruth Lewis

Miss Lewis is the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Wilfred Lewis, and a grand-daughter of Lord Justice Bankes, and is engaged to Mr. Colin Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Malcolm's eldest son

And So to Church

Some of the Season's Engagements

Left: Miss Betty Moss, only daughter of the late F. W. C. Moss, and Mrs. George Gay, is engaged to Mr. Charles Gilroy, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gilroy, of Battledene, Newbury

Pearl Freeman

Miss Betty Moss

Yevonde

Miss Violet Selby-Lowndes

Above: Miss Selby-Lowndes, Mrs. Henry Selby-Lowndes's daughter, and Mr. Noel Wild, 11th Hussars, will be married on July 28 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Claude Harris

Miss Pamela Henderson

Lenare

Miss Undine Lucas-Tooth

Above: Miss Undine Lucas-Tooth is the daughter of the late Captain Selwyn Lucas-Tooth and Mrs. Lucas-Tooth, and is to be married to Lieutenant Reginald Seymour Young, R.N., who is at present serving in H.M.S. Victory

Left: Miss Henderson's fiancé, Lieutenant St. John Tyrwhitt, R.N., is A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa. She and her sister, who are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, announced their engagements on the same day

CAROLE LOMBARD

A new portrait by Paramount Pictures of one of their most attractive young actresses. Carole Lombard is playing with her husband, William Powell, in "Ladies' Man," which is due for release shortly, and she has also been working on a film called "Sinners in the Sun"

GAME AND SET...

NOW FOR A

"BLACK & WHITE"

Collaborators at Large:

Overboard the Lugger

Piloting by Gerard Fairlie. Wavy Lines by H. H. Harris

WHEN I said the open sea and rollicking and all that sort of thing to Harris, he thought I meant big engines, so he said "Yes." But when he found out that what I really meant was a nice sail on the ocean in a little yacht, it was some time before I could make him agree to the adventure. We were down at the seaside at the time, and Harris said he preferred the pier.

I pointed out that the pier cost money, and that I would pay for the yacht. All that he would be required to do would be to work his passage.

Harris had a long struggle with himself. He was to have another long struggle with himself when we got on to the sea, but he didn't know that at the time, so he did not husband his resources and curtail the first one. Finally he agreed, on the distinct understanding that he hadn't got to lend me the money to pay for the yacht.

We were shown the yacht that I had paid for.

"Lovely," said Harris, "but how do we get there?"

We were down at the seaside at the time

I BEGAN to take off my shoes and socks, but the harbour-master, or oldest ancient mariner, or whoever he was pointed out a very small little boat.

"That 's the dinghy," he said. "You gentlemen row out in that."

Harris looked surprised; but, undaunted, he very gingerly placed one foot in the dinghy. The dinghy rocked ominously.

"Take care!" I admonished.

"What?" asked Harris, looking round quickly.

I think he must have altered his balance, because the dinghy, with Harris's left foot inside it, began to drift away. The harbour, meanwhile, with Harris's right foot, stayed where it was.

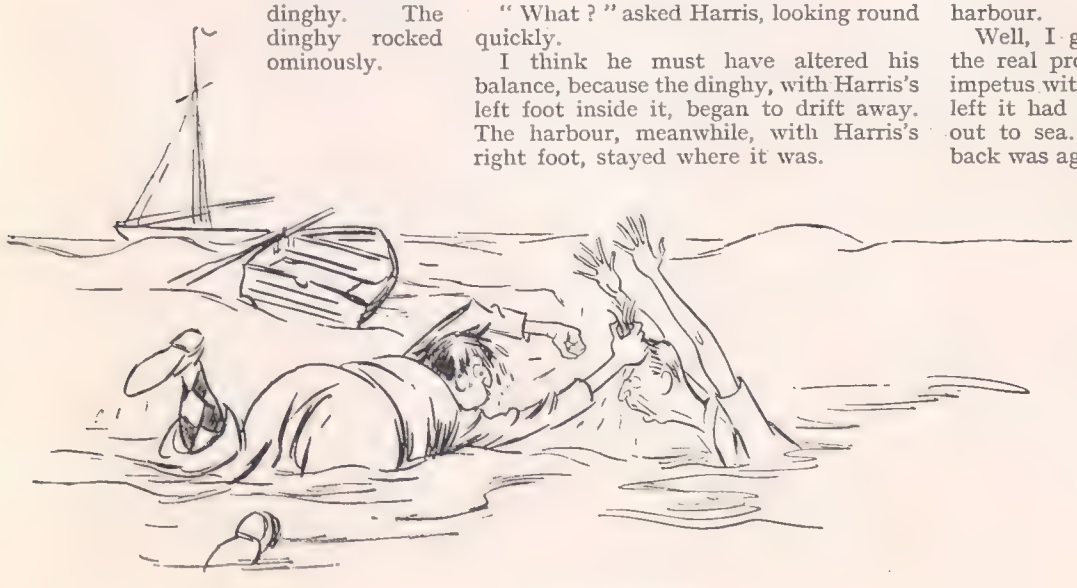
IT was almost immediately obvious that Harris was doomed. The oldest ancient mariner turned his back on us in disgust, and I remained in a sort of stupefied condition, staring, fascinated by the spectacle. When Harris was just about to split, his right foot gave way, and he fell into the sea in between the dinghy and the harbour.

It was almost immediately obvious that Harris was doomed

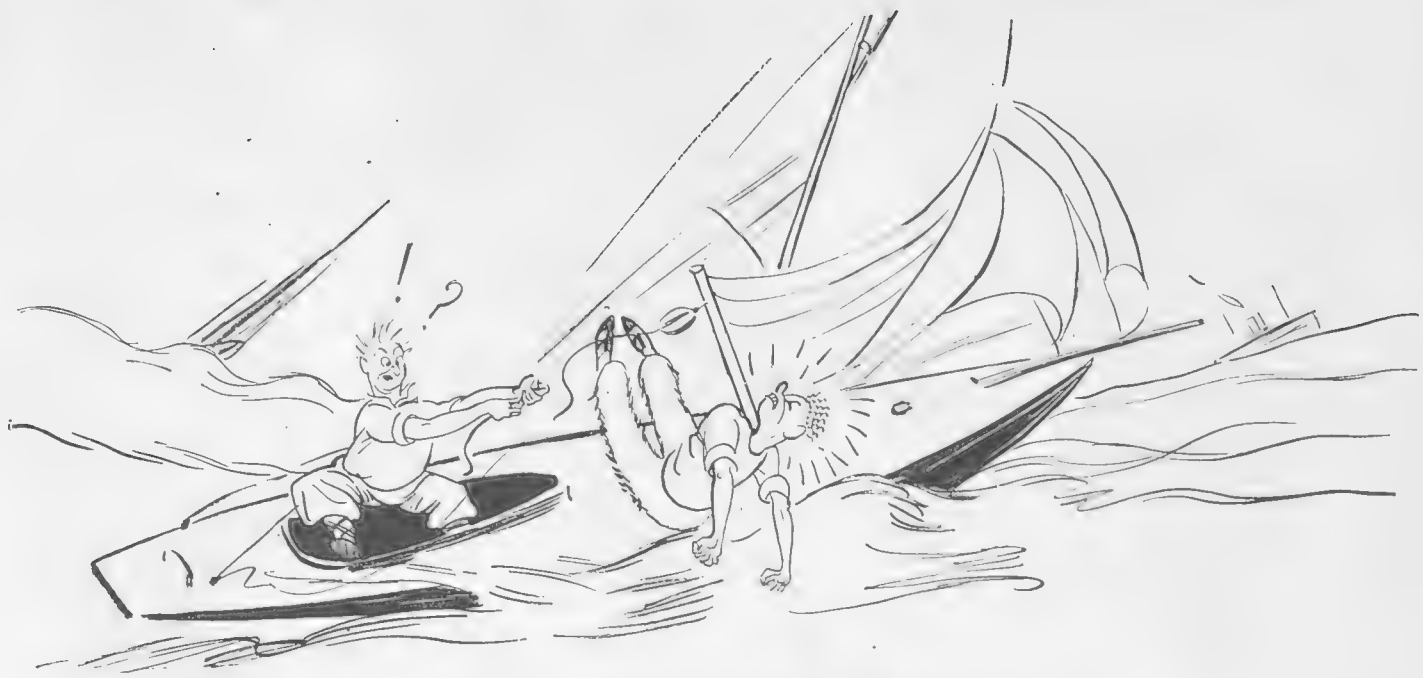
Well, I got Harris out all right, but the real problem was the dinghy. The impetus with which Harris's left foot had left it had sent the dinghy several feet out to sea. The problem of getting it back was aggravated by the superb scorn with which the oldest ancient mariner regarded us. So I did the heroic thing.

Removing all of my clothing which was not entirely necessary to preserve the decorum of the South Coast, I dived into the briny.

THE first thing that happened was that inadvertently I tried to come up just under the dinghy. This very nearly drowned me, because I opened my mouth in surprise. Next, I broke the



After that we decided to give up the dinghy



The boom swept across the deck with incredible velocity

surface just beside the dinghy, and, laying my hands upon its side, tried to climb in. Almost without any intervening space of time, the other side of the dinghy came up and struck me a smart blow on the crown of the head. When Harris got out to me, I was only just conscious.

After that we decided to give up the dinghy: we swam out to the yacht.

We explored it, first of all. It had a nice cabin, with two bunks, a table, a cupboard, a stove, another cupboard, and a bookcase in a space which was just about large enough for one of the bunks. Then it had a deck, which Harris found most comforting after the sea and the cabin. Then it had a mast and a boom and a bowsprit and a sharp end and a blunt end. In fact, it was definitely a yacht.

With great care and difficulty, we hoisted the mainsail, and then we hoisted the jibsail, which is the not-such-a-large one which is in front. By this time we were moving, and Harris only got to the tiller just in time to prevent us running down the oldest ancient mariner, who had been salvaging our dinghy. After an exchange of polite remarks from us for an unintelligible sequence of words from him, we headed for the open sea.

Now this was where Harris made his first mistake. I had given him the right advice, too; I had told him to take a point on the horizon and steer on that. But Harris thought that a swimming seagull was the smoke of a big ship.

All went well until the seagull ceased swimming and took to the air. Harris could scarcely believe his eyes, but on the principle of believing anything once, and remembering that I had told him to stick to the point he had chosen, he swung round the tiller.

The boom swept across the deck with incredible velocity, and knocked me flat on my face. I was just getting up, when the seagull changed direction three points west-north-west, and Harris responded and the boom swept across the deck with incredible velocity, knocking me flat on my back. I was just getting up, when the seagull, realising it had made a mistake, reverted to its original direction, and so did Harris, and so did I as the boom swept across the deck with incredible velocity.

When Harris had soothed the boom to comparative quiet, he tied the tiller to an iron hook with a piece of rope, rose very unsteadily to his feet (Harris was beginning to have that struggle with himself to which I have previously referred), and advanced one pace along the deck, in order to help me assume some position other than the prostrate. He only took one pace, because his other foot was entangled in a rope that he hadn't noticed. Just as I sat up, Harris came down, and so did the mainsail.

This annoyed the boom, which swept across the deck with incredible velocity and removed both Harris and myself into the sea.

When we got back on board, Harris and I decided to trust to sails no longer. But if we had decided to trust to sails no longer, that made no difference to the jibsail, which refused to come down, in spite of our concerted efforts. So we unlashed the tiller, lashed the boom, and jibsailed back into the harbour.

The oldest ancient mariner came out to meet us in the dinghy. The yacht seemed to recognise the dinghy, and made a seagull line for it. But the oldest ancient mariner showed a remarkable turn of speed, and so we hit another yacht instead.

Some hours afterwards, Harris said he still preferred the pier.

The oldest ancient mariner showed a remarkable turn of speed

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JULY, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

21st **Racing.** Liverpool, Lanark and Curragh Meetings.
Shows. Royal Welsh Agric. Society, Llandrindod Wells. Horse & Foxhound. Clonmel, I.F.S.

22nd **Racing.** Liverpool, Hurst Park and Bogside Meetings.
Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds. Royal Welsh Agric. Soc., Llandrindod Wells.

23rd **Racing.** Hurst Park, Bogside and Duntalk Meetings.
Polo. Lawson Cup Final, Roehampton.
Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds.
Cricket. Scotland v. All India, Edinburgh. Surrey v. Kent, Oval.

25th **Cricket.** Clifton v. Tonbridge (2 days), Lord's.
Motor Boating. Motor Week commences, Southampton.
Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C., Ryde.

26th **Racing.** Goodwood.
Cricket. Clifton v. Tonbridge, Lord's.
Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds.

27th **Racing.** Goodwood.
Cricket. Rugby v. Marlborough (2 days) Lord's. Test Trial Match, Cardiff.
Shows. Military Tattoo, Roundhay Park, Leeds.

28th **Racing.** Goodwood, Worcester & Galway Meetings.
Shows. Royal Lancashire Agric. Soc., Preston.
Yachting. Royal Albert Y.C., Southsea.

29th **Racing.** Goodwood, Catterick Bridge & Tuam Meetings.
Shows. Royal Lancashire Agric. Soc., Preston.
Motoring. Irish Grand Prix.

30th **Racing.** Alexandra Park, Catterick Bridge, Chepstow Meetings.
Shows. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. Royal Lancashire Agric. Soc., Preston.
Yachting. Royal Regatta Week, Cowes.
Cricket. Glamorgan v. All India, Swansea.

31st Gun and Game Licences renewable.
Olympic Games commence, Los Angeles, U.S.A.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

YACHTING, aquaplaning, diving, water games . . merry life indeed ; the sea shimmering beneath the glorious sunshine. MONTE CARLO BEACH, the meeting-place of the "élite," is gay, alive, and specially appeals to lovers of sunshine, sport and beauty.

Olympic Swimming Pool. Luxurious Restaurant. Summer "Sporting" Club.

MONTE CARLO BEACH HOTEL and NOUVEL HOTEL DU BEACH

ON THE SEA SHORE.

HOTEL DE PARIS AND 80 HOTELS

Elegance. Moderation in the prices.

Information from the Sté des Bains de Mer, Service R.B., Monte Carlo.

Havas

MONTE CARLO BEACH

LE TOUQUET

GOLF (45 Holes) TENNIS (30 Courts)

BATHING POOL

Filtered and warmed sea-water.

HOTEL

ROYAL PICARDY

LE TOUQUET

VERY REDUCED TERMS

Single Room with Bath - 10/- to 15/- Room and Three Meals from 25/-
Double Room with Bath - 15/- to 25/- *(ALL TAXES INCLUDED)*

Splendid Ozonised Water Swimming Pool.

—— Your Throat

'Allenburys'

Glycerine and Black Currant

PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM

In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

BAD AACHEN (Aix-la-Chapelle) **for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA**

THE HOTTEST SULPHUR SPRINGS IN CENTRAL EUROPE
151° F. AVAILABLE DIRECTLY AT YOUR RESIDENCE.

DRINKING cure - Douche massage - Fango packs - Swedish and medical exercises - Zander establishments and all other methods for the treatment of rheumatism.

Beautiful forests. Every kind of entertainment and sport - Superb Golf Course.

Full pension from Reichsmark 8.50 (approx. 10 shillings) in first class hotels.
Special inclusive arrangements for complete cure.

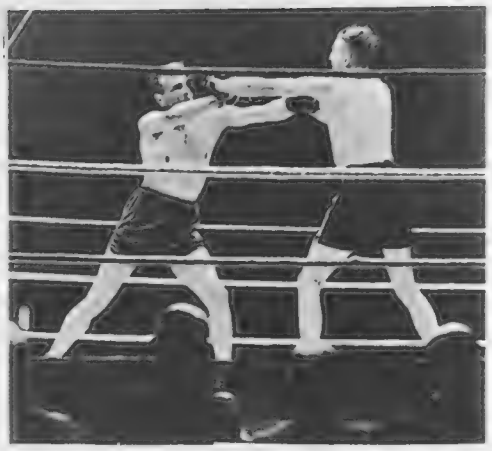
FOR INFORMATION APPLY : VERKEHRSAMT BAD AACHEN (GERMANY)

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary by "Markover"

So Jack Petersen, of Cardiff, is the new British heavyweight champion, after little more than a year's experience in the professional ring. I have this moment come back from Wimbledon, where the fight between Petersen and Meen took place before an unexpectedly small crowd, and it is not easy to sort out my impressions.

One thing is clear—we have now a heavyweight champion who has speed, intelligence, and the will to win. I hope we have seen the last of the lumbering Becketts, Goddards, Scotts, and Meens for a long time to come. Petersen is by no means an ideal champion yet, for he is still apt to rush in wildly and invite heavy punishment by leaving himself open, particularly on the breakaway. He does not control his fighting instinct with the ice-cool brain of the real killer, though there are signs that he is learning to master himself. Against Charlie Smith, he fought a reasoned and clever fight, and this evening, after giving Meen the best of openings, he suddenly pulled himself together, found his hitting distance, and then brought over those two magnificent punches—the first, a right cross, and, the second, a right upper-cut delivered at lightning speed, as Meen was actually falling to the canvas. He 's a fine boy, this Petersen, and promoters must be watching his career with some excitement, for he has the sort of personality which draws crowds.



The Heavyweight Winner

Jack Petersen (right), who won the heavyweight title, seen above delivering a left-hand punch to Reggie Meen, whom he knocked out in the second round

Leap Year!

Miss M. Milne winning the high jump at the Women's Amateur Athletic Association Meeting, held recently at Stamford Bridge

Off to Los Angeles

Captain Hunter, Mr. Harper, Lord Burghley, and Lady Burghley at Waterloo before embarking on the Empress of Britain

But the fight of a lifetime is yet to come, and that will be when Jack Doyle challenges Petersen for his title, as he must inevitably do when he has had a little more experience. Doyle has the fighting spirit also, and he is just as quick as, and far stronger than, Petersen. What is more, he has a punch which makes Petersen's famous right hand appear to be merely a tap. We shall see; but if any one of our fighters stands a chance of becoming a worthy world's champion, that man is Jack Doyle.

This has been an interesting day, for I lunched with the South African Olympic team, who were to sail for Los Angeles in a few hours. They were telling me how fast the track is on the Wanderers' ground at Jo'burg, where a runner did two heats in the 100-yards in 9 3-5th sec., went on to win the final in the same time, and then won the 220 in 21 3-5th seconds—all on the same day! And this man is not included in the South African team!

They are extraordinarily pleasant fellows, these Springboks, and I hope they will do well, though not at the expense of our own men. I was talking the other day to J. F. Cornes, the Oxford miler, about our prospects, and he seemed reasonably hopeful. We were discussing, too, the difference between the runner and the racer in the middle-distance events. Cornes himself is a racer—that is to say, he does not think about times or run to an arranged schedule, but waits to see what his opponents are doing, and then tries to beat them to it. Lovelock, on the other hand, is a runner, who works to the stop-watch, on the assumption that if he does a certain time, it will be good enough to beat anybody.

Which is the better method it is difficult to say—so much depends on the temperament of the individual athlete—but, despite the example of the exceptional Nurmi, who ran with a stop-watch in his hand, I think the great runners are usually racers. I shall, at any rate, expect Cornes to beat Lovelock at Los Angeles, though Lovelock, you will remember, set up a record at Oxford recently by doing the mile at Iffley Road in 4'12. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether Lovelock will come near that remarkable time for a year or so again. Until that race, he had been doing about 4'21, and then suddenly everything went right, and he knocked some nine seconds off his usual time.

This is a common experience with athletes: they unexpectedly produce their best, and then relapse and have to work back to it. That Lovelock will work back to it in due course I have no doubt, but in the meanwhile Cornes is the man for my money.

I wonder, incidentally, if R. H. Thomas will stand the strain of the Olympic Games! He broke down after the A.A.A. Championships, but when they tried him out to see if he was sound, just before the team sailed, he eased up in the last part of the race. It is true he felt no strain, but this was no test at all, for it is in the last stretch that the strain tells. I have an uneasy feeling that Thomas may break down at Los Angeles.

Before we leave athletics, I wish Cornes were not going down from Oxford, where he has done such splendid work as President of the O.U.A.C. He has stirred the club from lethargy to extraordinary keenness, and though P. Mabey, who succeeds him, will carry on thoroughly soundly, I think he rather lacks Cornes's undoubted power of stimulating enthusiasm among his men.

One more comment: They say that the new White City track is still rather bumpy, though it is decidedly faster than the old one at Stamford Bridge. Improvement here will, I am sure, be only a matter of time.

And now, as I write, the news of Verity's amazing bowling for Yorkshire, at Leeds, comes through—a hat-trick, and 10 wickets for 10 runs against Notts! It is a fantastic record, and although the wicket was just right for him after heavy rain, it remains a very fine achievement. I suppose we shall have clamours now for Verity's inclusion in the M.C.C. Australian team, though I doubt very much whether his slow left-handed bowling would be much use on the cast-iron Australian wickets.

CARS with a Personality: *By The Earl of Cardigan*

No. 12.

The 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce

With its flared wings and imposing lines, the Rolls-Royce Continental Touring saloon must surely be one of the handsomest cars on the road

I OFTEN wonder what is the reaction of the average man who reads one of the Rolls-Royce advertisements. This usually consists mainly of a quotation from one of the motoring critics, or, perhaps, from a satisfied user. Only one brief statement is made by the firm itself—and this, perhaps, was originally a quotation taken from some long-forgotten source: "The best car in the world."

It is just the sort of statement which plainly challenges contradiction. Naturally, a car which, complete, costs something like £3000 *ought* to be pretty good; but the world is a big place, and many good cars are made in different parts of it. Is it possible that one car is, and has been for a quarter of a century, demonstrably "the world's best"?

THIS is a question which, as it happens, I am very often asked—so frequently that I have developed a stock answer to it. My reply is that, as an *all-round* motor-car, I honestly believe the Rolls to be unrivalled. I have driven several faster cars—I have driven at least one car with better steering—possibly, I may have driven cars which were better sprung; but I do not remember any one car which has come so near to perfection in so many different respects.

My latest run in the Continental touring model has certainly not altered this opinion. One thing which always endears this car to me is the complete absence of "eye-wash" in its construction. The bonnet, for instance, is no longer than it needs to be. If one looks underneath it, which is well worth doing, one finds that it is full of engine. All the controls are absolutely plain and simple: their design is merely that which is handiest and most effective for the job which they have to do.

As for the car's performance, year after year it still contrives to astonish me. Its speed is never stated in precise terms. One is told that it will do "round about ninety," which, being interpreted, probably means something like 100 m.p.h. It certainly does 60 m.p.h. on about half-throttle, and it certainly runs, and can be accelerated from, well below a walking pace in top gear.

The driving position, needless to say, is the acme of comfort. The adjustable sun visors above the windscreen are an excellent fitting

The really substantial luggage trunk underneath the tray of tools is easily accessible from behind the back seat. The tool-kit is in every sense worthy of the car; its completeness and neat lay-out should rejoice the heart of the owner-driver

THE amazingly perfect balance of the Rolls-Royce engine is, however, well known; the excellence of the brakes perhaps less so. I was told that the car could be stopped from 60 m.p.h. in the interval between two telegraph-posts, and this, like most Rolls-Royce statements, proved to be a rather modest estimate. I succeeded in stopping the car inside this distance, and with a little braking power in hand. Moreover, the retarding effect was extraordinarily smooth.

The smoothness of the suspension at all speeds is certainly remarkable. I was able to cruise at 60 m.p.h. in comfort over a section of the Colnbrook by-pass on which my own car bumps unpleasantly at half that speed. Here, no doubt, is one more reason why, with a Rolls, one never seems to hurry, yet always reaches one's destination earlier than expected.

The three days' regatta of the Bembridge Sailing Club took place last week; above are seen Lady de Robeck (second from right), who has a house at Bembridge, with Mrs. Hammersley, Miss Jeffreys, and Mrs. Peel

Heavy wind and rain squalls stopped some of the racing on the second day, but Mr. Peto and Miss Gregg were photographed out in their dinghy when the sea was very calm

Yachting on the Solent

Personalities at the Bembridge Sailing Club Regatta

The Bembridge Regatta is one of the most popular of Solent yachting fixtures, and the little harbour is even more thickly populated than usual with boats; above are Major and Mrs. Musker going aboard

Above: Afloat at the Regatta for International and Solent classes—Mr. Cockburn, Miss Sybil Lascelles, and Colonel Moore-Brabazon

An idle moment on an oily sea: Mrs. Luxmoor and Mrs. Thorpe with Mr. Terence Langrishe, who, like his father, Sir Hercules Langrishe, is a "regular" of the sailing world, and of Bembridge

Shooting Notes: By Max Baker

The Best Gun: Still the Most Economical; and Why

In the Long Rushes

From a water-colour painting by Mr. R. Ward Binks, the original of which is on view at Greatorex's Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, W.1. This exhibition of Mr. Binks's work will remain open during July and August

SOME of the items that make a gun more expensive than would be expected may be listed and explained in quite a simple way. Just why mass-production has never been a success is rather a long story, but the principal reason is that, to sell the needful quantity, price must be cheap and the result displeasing, whereas, if something better were aimed at, orders would be too few to keep the plant at work.

SPORT with the gun must always be expensive, and so long as a good tool produces better results than a bad one, the difference must be paid. An instance in miniature range shooting will explain the position. At one time there was a converted Martini that shot wonderfully well and could be bought for 30s., say a quarter of the original price of the military arm. An out-and-out new rifle that was put into competition was a failure, because it could do no better. The maker then took a lot of trouble to give it a perfect trigger release. After that, a man might as well retire from the game as use any other, and it cost three times the price of the converted affair.

IN shot-guns the trigger release must be perfect in a still higher sense. If it suffers from any one of the half-dozen faults to which triggers are prone, shots are missed on that account, with others, in addition, due to the loss of confidence that follows. Since every head of game runs into anything from ten shillings to a pound a head, bad trigger release can cost many times the price of good.

NO matter how well the trigger may work, its effort is wasted if aim is faulty. And the whole structure of the weapon reacts on aim. At the most, a gun may weigh 6½ lb., and that weight must be so manœuvred as to convey an impression of wand-like lightness. The effect is gained by keeping the main balance in the middle of the gun, which means that the stock and front part of the barrels must have size rather than substance. Add to easy handling properties the shape and dimensions that suit the individual, and you have a gun that comes up nicely, gets right away on to the object without any poking about, swings the correct amount ahead and goes off—apparently on its own.

Time to Push On to Safety

Another reproduction of Mr. R. Ward Binks's clever sporting impressions. Many of the drawings are of dogs recently purchased by the Maharajah of Patiala from Laura Countess Howe. There are forty-one of Mr. Binks's impressions on the walls of Greatorex's Galleries

THERE is, possibly, nothing quicker in sport than the act of shooting. Many sports allow time for premeditation, others look quick, but depend on anticipation, and quite a number rely on tactics. Shooting excludes all these; to think is fatal, to anticipate is to wear yourself out preparing for what does not happen, tactics are all very well, but they don't help much in the principal business of hitting. How often can occasions be recalled when things weren't going nicely, and you began trying to be careful, to be interrupted by a suddenly appearing chance; result, instinctive aim and a perfect shot. A gun that goes partner with instinct may be struck by accident; usually it is shaped by knowing hands.

A GIRDER can be made four times as strong as necessary. Not so a gun: its barrel just stands proof and no more; likewise the other components. Broadly speaking, the pivots, levers and springs are just about a quarter the size that would be considered necessary in any other piece of machinery doing the same amount of work. This means finnicky fitting and close attention to form. Combinations of wood and metal are avoided in modern production; in the gun they share duties about equally, and seem able to defy the laws of expansion and contraction. It is all a question of unstinted care, and care costs money.

A DEVELOPMENT of recent years is well worth watching. The best gun has nothing wasted on its production: at the top limit, a fiver would cover pure embellishments. Yet an effort is being made in some quarters to supply the essentials of a best gun at about three quarters of best price. The men have to move a bit faster; they use the rough file a bit nearer to finished size—no doubt leaving a scratch here and there—otherwise, the same skill, the same materials, very nearly the same "sucking" fit as before. And if the scheme has been well-planned, the result is worth considering now that short barrels and less overall weight distinguish the modern gun from its predecessors.

THEY tell us there is going to be no shooting this year. My advice is: Don't believe it. A perfect haymaking season, cricket matches played out according to programme, still there are lots of dire possibilities that may or may not materialise. But the signs are auspicious, and what man will stay at home when something good offers outside? Optimism is in the air, and, as a class, those who shoot are the men whose endowment is vision. And vision can only find due expression on the moors, in partridge country, or in the more varied landscape where pheasants abound. Shooting is something more than a sport—it is a stimulant such as can be turned to good account by those who are expected to direct optimism into the path of genuine recovery.

Therefore, let shooting be one of the things on which money should be spent in the interests of those dependent on it for a livelihood. Keepers, beaters, gunmakers are one and all anxious to be allowed to do their part. Those who withhold their patronage will be losers in the long run. They will enter the greatest task of their life in a fit of staleness.

Through moorland mists and morning's dew... go Burberry clad

WHEN the North calls, the correct kit, planned on irreproachable lines, can always be found at Burberrys. One can feel justifiably proud of Burberry thoroughness . . . . every Burberry model is *right* to the smallest detail, because it is designed by craftsmen with years of experience in combining Burberrys' practicability with fashion's ever-changing demands.

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Shooting Notes *(Continued from page 140)*

Velocity : Very High—Abjectly Low : The Happy Mean Neglected

SPORTSMEN of exploring tendency have been greatly tickled of late by having to decide as between high-velocity cartridges and a rival mixture which is guaranteed the very reverse. Whatever merit there may have been in a cartridge that gets there quickly, has now become a defect. Hurry has given place to slow and sure, with the accent on the slow.

PERSONALLY, I think the latest stunt is a mistake. There is something better than theory in the preference game-shooters have always shown for a cartridge of speedy temperament. In muzzle-loading days, each man decided for himself, as never since. He liked velocity—derived from the Latin *velox*, swift. Later, smokeless diamond gained many patrons because it was systematically advertised as "marvellously quick," and it was just that trifle quicker than its rivals nearly to justify the claim. How little it improved on the standard seventh-of-a second over forty-yards range was amusing; likewise, the odd inch or so it could knock off the eight feet that one aims or swings in front of a bird at the same distance was worthless, remembering the full yard spread of the shot.

Grouse-shooting in Yorkshire : Getting a high bird from one of the stone butts on Deep Gil, part of the Bowes Moor

Sportsmen cherished the difference, or the supposed difference, or perhaps some hidden quality that went with it.

IN the post-war period, our revolutionaries demanded something really tall in the velocity line. Powder-makers and loaders did their best, with the result that important gains were made, yet always knocking off a disappointingly small fraction of the necessary forward allowance. In cartridge velocity there seems to be a sort of invisible ceiling against which ambitious heads bump when they seek a higher level.

A CARTRIDGE labelled "velocity," and really high as that commodity goes, gives one a mighty shake-up all over just to emphasise the fact. It pleases many, and usually kills at least as well as any other, so long as the extra recoil does not breed a peculiar brand of gun shyness. Some seasons ago, a quite moderate feat of mine by way of getting a woodpigeon resulted in almost a deputation to enquire what I used to pull them out of the sky like that. They were disappointed to learn that everything was ordinary, the moral of the story being that knowledge where to aim finds its limit earlier than the killing power of the weapon. One of the deputation used H.V. loading.

TO condemn the other extreme, low-velocity loading, would be an ungracious act on my part, since I am the original discoverer and publisher of the

(Continued on page 144)

Five Shooting Hints

1. Practice at Churchill's Moorland Shooting Grounds at Crayford.

2. Use Churchill's Hand-loaded Cartridges. They have merit without costing extra.

3. Make a free trial of the Churchill 'XXV' gun. In universal demand because it performs the one and only function of a gun better than any alternative.

4. Read 'How to Shoot' before the Season opens. It is full of practical advice that you can carry out. Price 5s. 3d.

5. Buy one of the 100-picture flickers showing the complete sequence of motions in shooting. Price 6d.

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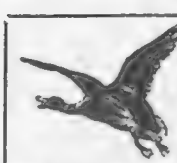

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SHOOTING as a sport can certainly not survive unless there exists an adequate supply of game. It is to the interest of the shooting man, equally with that of the gunmaker and ammunition maker, that there shall be a large stock of game in the country.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., makers of Eley and Kynoch sporting cartridges, bearing in mind the difficulties with which game has to contend under modern conditions, have recently established an advisory and service department to deal with problems of game conservation. This department operates for the benefit of all who hold shooting rights, particularly over land on which a keeper is not employed. Correspondence on matters connected with game conservation and vermin destruction is invited, and in special cases an expert can attend upon shooting men by appointment for the purpose of proffering advice and help.

Practical hints and tips on game protection are inserted by I.C.I. in the weekly and monthly sporting periodicals, and from July to the end of the year similar advice will be given twice weekly in the personal columns of *The Times* under "Notice to Shooters."

A leaflet dealing in great detail with the shooting of woodpigeons, and a similar leaflet relating to grey squirrels, has already been published and is obtainable from ammunition dealers; it is hoped that similar leaflets of an instructive nature may be published later on.

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Shooting Notes (*Continued from page 142*)

system, and all that it embodies in the region of theory. My articles on the subject appeared nearly a quarter-century ago in sundry *Field* issues of February to April, in the year 1908, and totalled upwards of five columns; this in the days when minute type was used. Those articles eloquently presented the advantages of a dense cluster of slow-moving heavy pellets, as compared with the ordinary formation of swift-flying small. Wildfowlers have since been made familiar with the same idea as expressed by the so-called chamberless gun. When the shot gets there, it is all right, but the shooter's main concern, delivery, is not quite as good.

THE idea was never really English, since it was conveyed by testing a batch of cartridges brought over from France. From this we may reasonably infer, pour les alouettes peutêtre, pour perdrix jamais. The last article of the 1908 series showed that, whilst ordinary loading needed a forward allowance, at forty yards, of 8 ft. 3 in., this low potential combination demanded 9 ft. 5 in. The difference may not sound much, but progress backwards is surely wrong. Seductive theory may attract the few, but shooting theory is soundest when occupied in finding reasons for practical selection.

AFTER all, what can be better than one ounce of shot when fired in a modern weight gun? It has a definite velocity advantage over the standard sixteenth-ounce extra, and this advantage can be further increased with extra powder before reaching the recoil of the heavier load. If you can stand plenty of punch, there are f.s's beyond to satisfy the most robust. In favour of the elementary and unimproved 33 grains of powder, is the protection it affords when combined with one ounce of shot against high pressure, otherwise that quality of sharpness in powder action so popular to-day, but liable to run through the system with a bit of a jar. The powder that reminds you of its presence on a hot or a busy day, when propelling the full dose of shot, is mild with one ounce. In fact, the surplus activity seems to leave the powder and pass into the shot. A shortage of 17 pellets in 287 must be admitted, but is surely of no account when the business is done by half a dozen.

There is nothing that one ounce, properly directed, will not account for, and certainly no need for abnormalities in velocity, whether high, ultra-high, or the latest antique novelty in low. The main thing that counts is nice gun-handling. Skill's best partner is a cartridge comfortable in use. MAX BAKER.

Further articles by Max Baker, and other experts, will appear during the Season

A view from the butts on Beinn a Chuallaich, near Dunalastair, in Perthshire, looking over the moors towards Schiehallion

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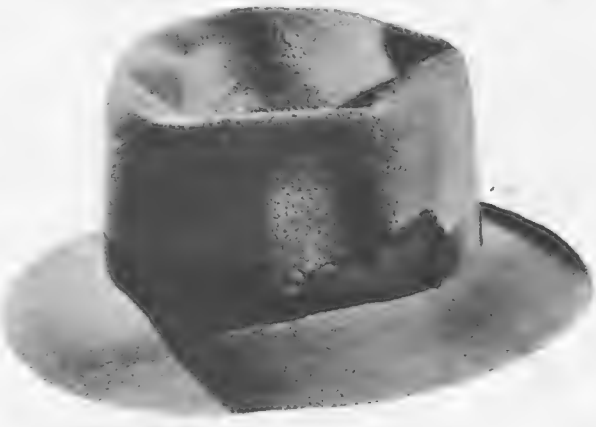

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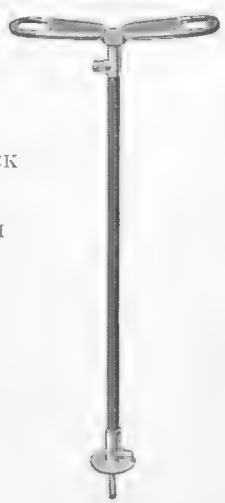

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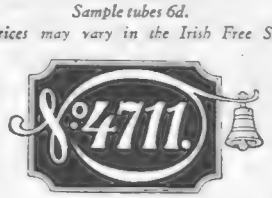

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Essential Oils: By Lady Kitty Ritson

WE do not half realise the value of grease, either for ourselves or for our dogs. Savages make far more use of it than we do, both on their hair and on their bodies, and I often think that we should be healthier if we took more oil baths, and absorbed more olive oil.

However, this is not a "beauty" article for human beings, but a dissertation on dogs, and I have found, by personal experience, that plenty of external grease once a year does most dogs a world of good.

WHETHER it is because they live an artificial life, or whether it is simply that Nature has "slipped up" a bit in their construction, dogs do seem to suffer from dry and irritable skins. Of course, Nature is not infallible, and it is quite a fallacy to think that wild animals are always in a much better condition than domesticated ones. A wild lion is nearly always covered with vermin of sorts, and often has mange, while one kept in a good "Zoo" has a clean skin. I am not at all sure how much wolves scratch in their native habitat—probably they enjoy a good scratch as much as any dog; on the other hand, Nature sees to it that their general condition is such that the irritation does not get beyond a certain point, for the natural oil in the skin is not interfered with by faulty feeding or excessive combing, and such like.

AT any rate, as they are not as well fed as dogs, their blood does not become overheated, and they do not exert themselves in the heat of the day. It is quite easy to see why Nature did not provide the dog with pores in his skin: being an animal that had to hunt its prey, it would inevitably have become chilled after a long chase, when its coat would have become soaked with sweat like a horse's. A horse, on the other hand, was not often obliged to gallop wildly until it was really hot, as, unless chased by wolves, it was able to graze quietly and move about at leisure.

A Patient Patient

A Bedlington terrier in the wars, expressing dog-like gratitude to a kennel-maid for services rendered

IT is a very easy matter to send your dog, once a year, to the veterinary surgeon's for a good soaking in oil, or some form of skin-dressing. It is best done in the hot weather, when the dog does not suffer any inconvenience from the chill of the grease. It is not an expensive operation, and it does insure the dog's coat keeping in excellent condition for the rest of the year. Of course, you can do it at home, if you live in the country and have an out-house.

Shirley's make an excellent "mange dressing," which is very good, and is just as effective for a dry skin, as for a specific skin disease. A "Kur-Mange" bath in between the oily dressings is a good plan. I do most earnestly advise this procedure to all dog-owners, as it makes a remarkable difference.

RICHMOND SHOW was ruined by the rain, and you saw the gloomy spectacle of women in bright cotton dresses, carrying about toy dogs, shrouded in towels. I abandoned my hat early in the day, as I felt that a wet head could be dried, but a wet straw hat was ruined. I looked quite divine!—something between Meg Merrilies and a soaked Skye terrier. "Finsie," my Finnish Spitz, paid no attention at all to the weather, being blatantly anxious to find something to eat. My "Alsatian" soul was shocked to the core by this behaviour, but "Finsie" insisted on wolfing food offered by strangers.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

ONE of the greatest landmarks in the history of greyhound racing was undoubtedly the introduction of totalisators to the tracks.

Two years ago, the first Tote was erected at Harringay, and ever since then the popularity of this form of speculation has steadily increased. One hears of Tote records being broken everywhere, both in greyhound racing and in horse racing, and the reason, I think, for this state of affairs, and for the fact that the public has taken so kindly to the Tote, is that women followers of the sport do not care to go and place their wagers with the bookmakers. I have never quite understood why this should be so; but it is a fact which every husband will readily concede that, when he has gone to a race meeting with his wife, it is he who has had to place the wagers for her. Yet now this is all changed; for the women fans—who are just as numerous as the men, in so far as greyhound racing is concerned—are perfectly ready to take their tickets at the windows of the totalisator, and to this is due in some measure the growing attendances at the tracks. To the satisfactory way in which the totalisators have been managed, the thanks of those who run the tracks must undoubtedly be given. Actually the amount of business placed with the totalisators at the White City and at Harringay is in advance of any of the other London tracks, and since I have so recently been talking about records, it may interest my readers to know that these have constantly been set up of late and have stood only for a matter of days.

They're Off!

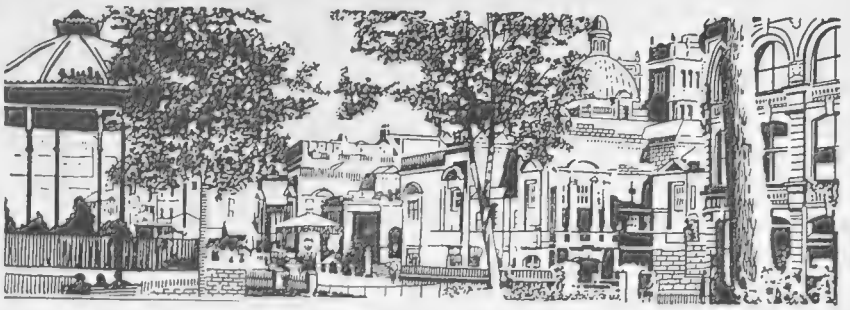
An unusual view of the start of a greyhound race at Harringay, showing the hounds getting away from the traps with the hare in the lead urging them on their wild career

ON the night of the Derby Final at the White City, for instance, more than 85,000 units were invested, which is a record which I take leave to suggest will stand at least until the Derby of 1933, and during that self-same week no fewer than 45,300 units were purchased during one meeting at Harringay. Hitherto, the totalisators at the White City and Harringay have been under the control of Totalisators Limited, but as from July 18 the Greyhound Racing Association have taken over the management of the totalisators on these tracks.

IT would amaze many greyhound-racing enthusiasts, who have little idea of the enormous and intricate organisation which is behind the indicator board, if they could even catch one glimpse of all that goes on. The totalisator has paid out as much as £3 for the modest outlay of two shillings, and those of the public who on that occasion stared at the indicator board and saw the astonishing and delightful result of their wager, would be interested to see the machine rooms, which have the appearance of miniature stations. Some idea of the organisation behind the totalisator may be gained by realising that nearly four hundred people are employed regularly at the installations at Harringay and the White City Greyhound tracks.

Greyhound racing is good for enjoyment and also good for employment.

"Mecca of the Ailing—



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COMING EVENTS

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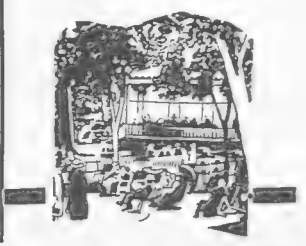

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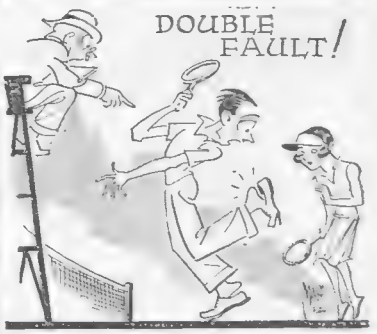

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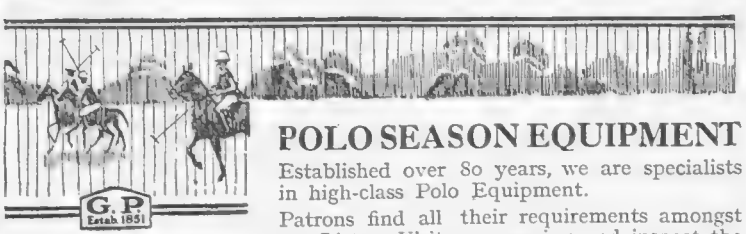

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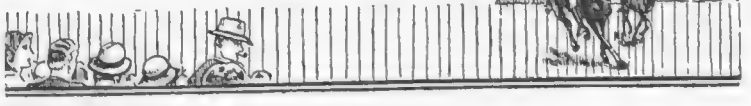

The Editor's Box

Brugger, Meiringen

Bathing Beach on Lake Thun

By Lake and Mountain

One of the most beautiful parts of that district renowned for its loveliness, the Bernese Oberland, is the country round Lake Thun. It is, above all, a country of sunshine; in autumn and winter, when fog and rain dim other horizons, the sun glitters on the dazzling Swiss snow; in spring, the snow melts and reveals a carpet of flowers gleaming in the golden light; in summer, it is a veritable heaven for the sun-worshipper whose holiday is wrecked unless he can return home burnt to mahogany colour. Brown, weather-beaten houses lie scattered on a broad mountain slope, looking down on the brilliantly blue lake far below and across to snow-capped peaks on the opposite shore: this is Beatenberg. An ideal village, grouped around the most picturesque of churches, with a dreaming view over the lake to mountains in the soft hazy distance: this is Sigriswil. Near Interlaken, the lake is bordered by rocky, wooded slopes and wide flower-studded meadows. At Oberhofen, there is a bathing beach, illustrated in the photograph above, where, in the background, can be seen the rugged heights of Stockhorn. Not far off is the Schloss Oberhofen, whose walls are lapped by the rippling lake waters, and where rambler roses of every colour are brighter than the banners which in old times waved from its towers. A rowing and bathing expedition to the Bay of Spiez fills a summer day, followed by a picnic in the scented hayfields. The golf-course at Thoune runs down to the lake-side, with cypresses here and there, dark against the brilliant sky, and the snowy heads of the giant Alps towering above. These are a few of the lovely places that can fill the days of the visitor to this dream country, the Bernese Oberland, with unforgettable delights.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SALADES DE SAISON

SAUCE DE MAYONNAISE

***

MOUSSE DE SAUMON

***

TOMATES FARCIS

***

CRÈMES À LA JARDINIÈRE

Sauce de Mayonnaise

TAKE two yolks of eggs, one teaspoonful of French mustard half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, about half a pint of olive oil, and about one tablespoonful of cream. Put the yolks into a basin, add the mustard, salt, and pepper, stir quickly with a wooden spoon, adding, drop by drop at first, and gradually more, of the salad oil, and at intervals a few drops of vinegar. The vinegar is added when the sauce appears too thick. By stirring well, the mixture should become the consistency of a very thick cream. At last, add the raw cream, stirring all the time.

Mousse de Saumon

FREE one pound of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, and salt and pepper; rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, and whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a china soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

Tomates Farcis

TAKE any cold fish, freed from skin and bone, flake it finely, and mix it carefully with mayonnaise sauce, with which some finely-chopped gherkins have been blended. Cut out the centre of six or eight even-sized tomatoes, squeeze out carefully the seeds as well as some of the juice, and place them on ice for an hour, or until required for table. Fill the prepared tomatoes with the fish mixture. Dish up neatly, and garnish the top of each tomato with a round of hard-boiled white of egg, and serve.

Crèmes à la Jardinière

THESE are little moulds of chopped mixed vegetables in mayonnaise sauce set in aspic.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

YOUTH—IN TABLET FORM

A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION OF THE PROCESSES INVOLVED IN WHAT MIGHT SEEM TO BE A PHANTASMAGORIA—OR A MIRACLE

IF someone were to tell you that by merely taking six tablets a day over a prescribed period you could regenerate and rejuvenate your skin and re-energise your whole constitution, would you believe them? The probabilities are that you would be extremely sceptical or, if you had curiosity, or faith in your informant, you would, reasonably, want to know "how it was done."

Within this very limited space I want to explain, as simply as possible, the scientific principles involved, and the action on the metabolic process of skin regeneration, resulting from a discovery, after sixteen years of experiment and research, by a well-known German scientist, dermatologist, and cosmetic surgeon, Dr. Kapp, of Leipzig University.

INSPIRED by a suggestion from the famous Metchnikoff, Dr. Kapp has evolved certain serums which act directly as stimulants to the cells beneath the outer layers of the epidermis. These are the cells which keep the skin firm and healthy, and, moving outwards, replace the outer skin, which is constantly being discarded. This process is natural and lively in the young, but after middle-life these epithelial cells become less active and less numerous, the capillaries (that is, the tiny subcutaneous "veins" which distribute the revitalising blood through the skin and tissues) gradually atrophy, with the result that the outer skin is less often renewed, there is general shrinkage, so that sagging and wrinkling occur, and elasticity and freshness of colouring are lost.

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Dr. Kapp's discoveries in relation to the regeneration of the epithelial cells have resulted in there having been put on the market the "W.5" Brand Tablets, which act directly on the cells in question, rejuvenating them, and increasing their number and vitality so that the whole skin regains the *tone* and vigour of youth, hollows are filled out, lines and wrinkles gradually eliminated, and the elasticity, lustre, and freshness of the skin restored.

THIS is no magic panacea which performs a miracle in a night. The process is gradual, and, of course, varies according to the receptivity, age, etc., of the patient, but results are generally perfectly apparent after about ten days, and are progressive. Since the action of the tablets is to improve the circulation and the activity of the skin, and assist the excretion of waste matter and impurities, the complexion is made clearer, and the tablets have been found remedial in many skin affections.

In reply to recent enquiries from medical men and pharmacists in this country, who are, naturally, deeply interested in the formula, Dr. Kapp explains that the "W.5" Tablets are not primarily glandular products: their base is what he calls "an immune body," which, administered in correct doses, stimulates and re-creates the productivity of the important "building-up" cells. To increase the absorption of this product by the protective mucous membranes, glandular extract has been incorporated, and, as well, the tablets contain certain lactates which have a tonic effect on the general health and constitution.

TO appreciate the far-reaching effects which this new therapeutic manifestation may have, it must be remembered that the skin plays one of the most important parts in the comedy—or tragedy—of life. To burn its surface, to seal up the pores, or in any way to interfere with its proper functions as an eliminator of toxins, as a sensory and respiratory organ, and regulator of temperature, may have serious, and even fatal, results. The skin is the first organ to show age, loss of health, and even emotion; an old or sick skin is a symptom of age or disease; conversely, a young and healthy skin is symptomatic of youth and health, so that if the skin can be rejuvenated, the whole man or woman regains lost youth!

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Dyes and artificial hair paints, are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of **"Facktative"** *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* **FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 60), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.,** *for a free treatise which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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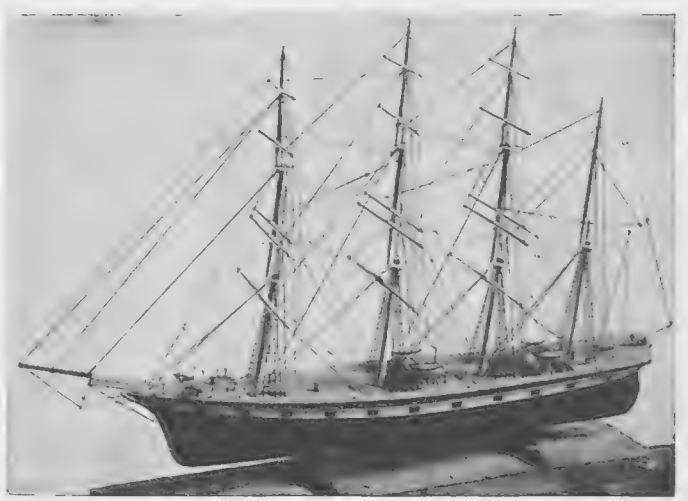

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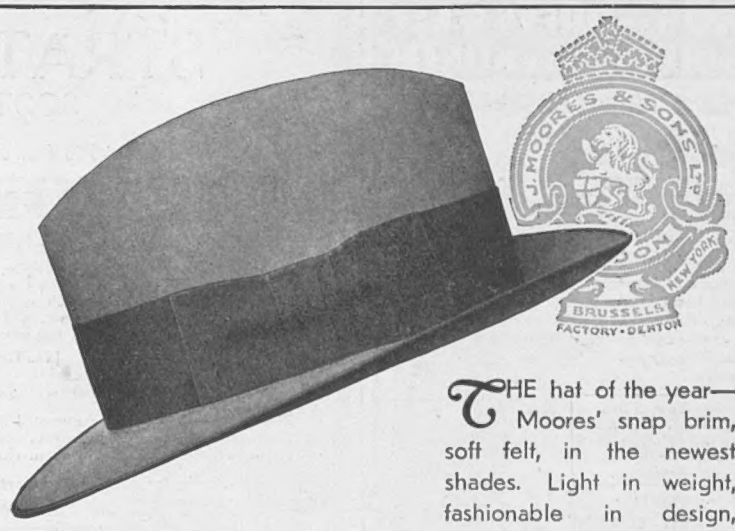

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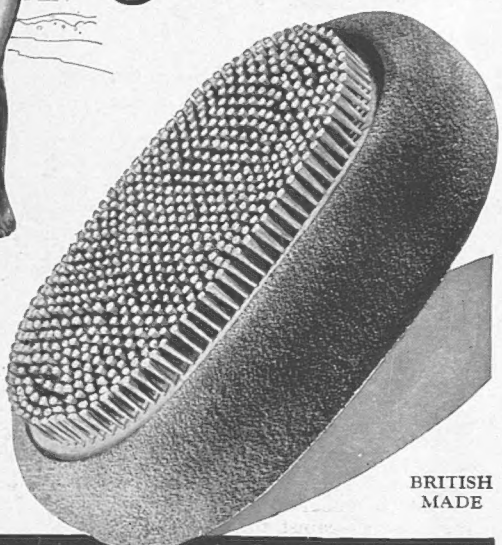

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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

For the Good of the Turf

Jan. 1846:—"So sternly is Rous[1] opposed to ye staking of large sums, that he has actually suggested that any man winning over £30,000 on a single race should forfeit his winnings by law. Whereas Payne,[2] to my knowledge, has stood to win prodigious sums. It is surprising, in view of this wide difference of mind on ye subject of their greatest mutual interest, that they are still ye closest of friends. Rous tells me of his intention of retiring from ye House of Commons. After his five yrs there he has decided that he will devote his whole attention to his duties wth ye Jockey Club. Ye Club should benefit[3] much by ye help of such a man as ye Admiral."

1. Admiral Rous, second son of the Earl of Stradbroke. Elected Steward of the Jockey Club in 1838. Member of Parliament from 1841 to 1846.
2. George Payne, whose betting was reckless even by the standards of that time.
3. Admiral Rous is said to have increased the revenue from £3,000 to £18,000 a year.

Lady Angela: "Ah! Enter the navy! It's not often that you find sea-folk playing much part in turf matters, surely?"

Sir Edward: "This Admiral Rous had always been passionately fond of racing. That was probably one of the reasons for his retiring from the navy."

Lady Angela: "And did he do racing the good that appears to have been expected of him?"

Sir Edward: "More good than anyone else in history, I should think, Angela. For years he was the greatest handicapper of his day. He was scrupulously just, and put an end to many scandalous turf practices. His name has lived, of course. They still run the Rous Memorial Stakes, named after him."

Lady Angela: "But the diary says he was strongly opposed to betting. Why do you think that was?"

Sir Edward: "I should say it was because betting itself was so open to fraud and sharp practice in those days. There were no office bookmakers. All betting had to be done in person, and most of it on the course."

Lady Angela: "I don't think I should have liked that. I wonder, Ted—do you think Stuart House would have made Admiral Rous change his mind?"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2